

Scandinavia

A Monthly Review.

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VOL. 2.

CHICAGO, JUNE, 1885.

NO. 6.

FROM HOME.

Bismarck recently declared, with his usual frankness, that Germany was centuries behind England in civilization. Bismarck's own policy is an expression of German barbarism. But his words are true. Even the celebrated German science is in originality and soundness actually backward compared to that of England. The immense knowledge of the learned men of Germany is often a raw, useless mass, and their metaphysical ideas are often altogether too far from reality. Notwithstanding recent great progress, they are therefore generally weak in the sciences of life, such as politics and social economy; they have some few excellent economists and teachers in politics; also the German journalists, the leaders of the people, have advanced remarkably just in this field; but the professors at the numerous small universities are making blunders in common sense which would be impossible to the common English workingmen to commit.

Denmark-Norway received during a long period most of their culture from Germany. Furthermore, the same reason existed there which was said in Germany to have formed that remarkable gap between science and life, the absolute paternal government which made the political affairs the business of the king, not of the people, and which thereby has kept the thinkers apart from practical life. Norway has continued the intellectual connection with Germany rather more than Denmark, because the political antipathy against Germany has not been as strong there as in Denmark. In Sweden it is, for several reasons, different; still the Swedes seem of late remarkably apt to imitate German political and economical ideas.

Georg Brandes recently complained over his Danish countrymen's acceptance of the German crude reactionary ideas. He is right in his complaint. Even such an excellent author as the late Bishop Martensen, of Sealand, writes, when touching political and economical matters, with such an ignorance, and makes statements so far

off from real life, that it could not be written in any other great country than Germany. Brandes and his radical friends are, however, themselves not much better. In Brandes' own book about Lasalle he treats economics with an entire ignorance; he takes Lasalle's theories in without knowing either the history of these ideas or the true economic connection. As everybody versed in political economy knows, the ideas of Lasalle, Carl Marx, Louis Blanc, and other socialists, are simply a sophistical use of one-sided expressions of the old economists, specially used by the socialists to deny the productivity of capital; it is a mistake which would not be made by the better part of the radical workingmen in England. Brandes' friend, the able Norwegian historian, E. Sars, is an adherent of the protection tariff, or of about the only doctrine about which the science of political economy is absolute in its judgment. A. Hedin, the excellent Swedish journalist and politician, is not ignorant as Brandes and Sars; even he occupies his mind largely, however, by searching for new ways to limit human liberty. He wants to introduce obligatory insurance of the workingmen for their old age. He is here joined by the Danish Professor, Falbe Hansen, and by other progressive and radical leaders. It is an idea for which several good reasons can be adduced, but where, nevertheless, the obligatory character makes the whole thing more than doubtful—doubtful whether it is right to take the scanty earnings away from immediate use, and doubtful whether it is not making away with true morality, to put outward necessity instead of spontaneous liberty.

It being inferred that modern thought is running everywhere in direction of more state interference and less liberty, we first answer that everything here just depends on the special circumstances. Our objections to socialism from below or from above are especially to the details. We admit fully the objections of the socialists against the immoral use of riches, the monopoly of certain capitalists, etc. We are perfectly willing to recog-

nize the right to supersede individualism, where it is practical, in railway questions, concerning telegraphs, etc. The present writer has, in his old country, contributed his share for instance to a good public and public-spirited management of the railroads. But the trouble is just precisely that these modern socialists, the anarchists from below and the reactionists from above, make demands and propositions in matters which they do not understand. Socialism in Germany, Denmark, Norway, and other countries, is objectionable, not because it attacks private and public immorality, but because it does not know what to put instead of the present order; either has only impracticable propositions to make, or in most cases actually does not know at all what to propose. The same is the case with the reactionary economic politics of Bismarck and his imitators in adjoining countries. We meet there, also, not only opposition to liberty, but simply ignorance of the effects of liberty and of the whole spontaneous social system. It is just here we find great differences between the higher civilized England and the more barbarous Continent. Chamberlain and other Manchester men do not hesitate to supersede individualism and freedom when they find regulations better. The continental—governmental or anarchical—socialists attack freedom savagely without having anything better to put in its place and without really understanding the social system. Certainly, we also doubt whether it can truly be said that the modern development goes in the direction of coercion. One thing is, that new social demands and adequate organizations continually arise; another thing, whether or not the spontaneous free organizations, as a rule, predominate more and more. If we regard the new societies formed in modern times, we just find them the most individualistic, and at the same time the societies where mankind is at least happier and more contented than in other countries. This is the case with the United States and the English colonies, where nothing is more characteristic than the extreme individualism and the peculiar strength this individualism and liberty give to the whole society.

In our eyes the opposite tendency in Germany and with Germany in Scandinavia and other neighboring countries is only a modern expression of ancient barbarism. We hope specially that our Scandinavian nations will learn better by their experience in liberty and by a livelier intercourse with England and America. Also their interior politics would benefit by more of true liberalism.

The parties would then be less eager for the possession of power; they would know that true personal liberty is somewhat different and most important. We recognize the necessity of the parliamentary system, notwithstanding the crude form in which the demand has been made. But a real liberal tendency, not looking to government for everything, and recognizing the right of others, would also facilitate political agreement and peace.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

ANCIENT SONGS OF THE NORTH.

For three centuries a change has been gradually wrought in the view man has taken of his position, individually and historically, relative to his surroundings. It has been constantly widening. Past facts and present events have appeared more and more in their obedience to the law of cause and effect, and our eye has been directed along that line into the future. The organic continuity of life on all points has manifested itself. Ideas and observations have been collected in books and placed in their due relation to the gathered results of earlier epochs. Mankind has been writing, and printing, and filling libraries with miles of shelves of books, a natural growth as open to study as the realms of botany and zoology, each volume a species in the grand evolving system of thought, and *in toto* forming a full record of human activities. In this system, man's endeavor now is to determine the position of his own self. In former centuries he stood greatly more isolated; with few and rudimentary means of recording the activities of the race, its past laid in fragments behind it. The history of the peoples of foregone ages, the civilizations of the past, and the present occurrences were disunited heaps—a matter of knowledge, perhaps, with a few; but a matter of unconcern with the masses. They were carrying on their lives and framing their record as though no past had built them up and no future were to be built up by them.

During those dark periods age was linked to age and the memories of former times. History was kept alive through the oral medium of poetry, song and music. Before the invention of the printing press these arts had far deeper functions to perform than in modern times. Like the arts proper, they have taken a comparatively small part in the clashing tumult of life; they now serve man rather as beautifiers, casting their delight of colors, forms and tones around him as he relaxes from his labors. In yonder illiterate ages it was

different. Then the records of the past, chiseled upon rocks and monuments, carved upon images and graven upon tablets in tombs and temples, or hidden away upon parchment in palaces, monasteries and dark caverns, were forgotten. But time had struck its tuning-fork, and the ringing sounds were reverberating down from age to age, from man to man, and forming themselves into rhythms, tones and stanzas adhesive to the memory. As songs they were repeated at courts and castles, in the lowliest huts and wherever the waters of human life flowed and ebbed. The past lived in song, music and verse. Books there were none; no one learned the alphabet; songs were then books, and the fleeting notes, the inflections of the voice, were letters. In this wise myths and traditions were handed down to generations that recorded them: the Vedas to the Hindoos, the Homeric Songs to the Greeks, the Prophetic Hymns to the Semitic peoples, the Eddas to the North. It is our present business to occupy ourselves only with the songs of the North.

Among their gods the Northmen seated Bragi the Old, the long-bearded bard scald, with his harp, the god of poetry and song. His wife was Ydun, the graceful goddess of youth, in whose possession were the golden apples of rejuvenating powers through which the youth of the gods of Valhal was perpetuated. Bragi typified the "Scald," who was ever present in the courts of the kings praising the deeds done and eulogizing the strong performers of them, encouraging to new ones and immortalizing the heroes who had fallen in their performance. The scald followed the army and was on the viking ships on their exploits, or he traveled from king to king (Egil Skallagrímsen), and sung their praise. He was held high in honor and received great and valuable gifts in return for his song. We find an Icelandic scald, Olaf Hvíta skald, at the court of the Danish King Valdemar II., the Victorious, as late down in time as the thirteenth century. The king or hero was often himself a scald, who, when the heat of battle closed around him, broke out in rhythmic ecstasy. Thus the valiant *Bjarke*, as King *Rolf* and his men were sinking fast, and he himself was mowing down the victorious enemy, struck up the mighty song "*Bjarkemål*," calling in the gering warriors to honor and death. Centuries after, when *Saint Olaf* at Stiklestad (1028) attacked the rebel army that was to crush him, and unwillingly give Christianity birth in Norway, the king's scald tuned up the ancient *Bjarkemål*.

Ragnar Lodbrok, the fiercest of sea-kings, when he had been finally closed in among shields and taken, put into a British dungeon loathsome with venomous adders and a horrible death faced him, burst into the wild, proud chant called the "*Kråkamål*" (after his wife *Kraka**), recalling the great deeds of his life and exhorting his surviving sons to revenge his approaching death—not a whimpering word, nothing but defiance!

Starkodder, the typical Northman, the Hercules of the North, was a great scald. He sang the tremendous deeds of the memorable *Bravalla* battle, where, with arms lacerated by sword-cuts to the shoulders, he hewed down the enemies like corn-stalks, until *Ubbe* the Frison cleft his jaw-bone, and he had to bite his beard and hold his tongue, still hewing. The same *Starkodder* was so famous a scald, that a stanza of a certain build has been named after him "*Starkodder*."

And thus *Gunnar the Gjukung* (*Niflung*) lulled the poisonous snakes in his prison asleep by striking the harp; his hands were cut off and he played the strings with his feet, until one vicious worm fastened itself to his heart and he died, laughing.

When the maiden *Hervör* grew up she followed none of the propensities of young women, but donned warriors' armor—the breastplate, the helmet, shield, and sword—and took to vikingry. Her father *Angantyr* and his eight brothers, the sons of *Arngrim*, had fallen on the isle of *Samsö*, in "*holmgang*"† against the two illustrious foster-brothers, *Orvar Odd* (Odd of the Arrows) and *Hjalmar*. *Angantyr* killed *Hjalmar* with his sword "*Tyrting*," whose name was dreaded throughout the North, but *Odd* slew the nine vikings. He buried them, threw hills up over them, shouldered *Hjalmar's* body to their vessel and sailed home to Sweden. When the maiden *Hervör* thought herself strong enough she landed on *Samsö* and alone visited the nine burial hills. Flames issued from them and dread noises were heard, but with steadfast purpose she passed through the witchery and proceeded to her father's hill. Here in weird enchanting rhythms she called her father's ghost, until by her exhortations it gave answer. And now follows a dialogue in song between the daughter and the dead father that well may seek an equal in horror—she claiming the sword, he refusing it,

* A happy English translation of part of the *Kråkamål* has been rendered by Longfellow.

† It was a customary thing in the North to challenge an enemy to battle on "*holms*" (small islands), where flight was impossible.

telling her the cruel destruction it is doomed to bring its owner. She persists, and finally through the flames "Tyrfing" is hurled out of the hill into her hand. The sword afterward became the medium of the bloodiest tragedies (Hervarasaga).

The scald played an important part in northern history, and when the warriors gathered around the table well beset with meat and ale they never forgot to drain a horn in honor of Bragi the Old (the "Braga-cup"), with a promise of executing some daring deed for coming scalds to sing.

The history of the old North as it is now before us is largely composed from ancient songs: "Drapas," songs recited or sung by the scald in honor of a fallen hero, praising his acts of valor; "Swansongs,"* chanted by the inspired hero himself when on the point of death and ready to join the gods in Valhal (Lodbrok); songs about general historical events, incantations and prophetic songs (Völuspá in the Edda). The Norse book-lore is teeming with rhythmical effusions. The verses were short and of simple structure, and the poetical art consisted in producing the alliteration which was carefully and skillfully observed, and also in the endless transcriptions of ideas and symbolizations of persons and their attributes, variegated *ad infinitum*, and at times difficult to understand; often grand, always powerful in the thundering monotony of the short rhythm.

The Elder Edda is a collection of such prehistoric lays about mythical events and traditional heroes of whom we have otherwise no account. So are also great parts of the mediæval historiographies reproductions of ancient songs living upon the lips of the people at the author's time; for instance, the History of Denmark (in Latin, "Gesta Danorum") of Saxo-Grammaticus (died 1201) and the "Heimskringla" (in Icelandic) of Snorri Sturleson. Great cycles of songs have survived from the darkest ages to nearly modern times, such as the songs of Valund (Volundarkvida of the Edda), the crafty artisan, the Vulcanus of Northern mythology. Closely connected with this subject is that of the songs of Didrik of Bern (Theodoric of Verona, the Goth) and of the Volsungs or Niflungs, the Gjukungs, and the Atlungs (descendants of Volse, Nifle, Gjuka, Atle).† These lays and their heroes have occu-

pled the imagination of the Germanic races, in song and in story, through many centuries. The great central figure of them is *Sigurd Fafnersbane* (the slayer of the serpent Fafner), a hero whom song and tradition has equipped with all the physical, mental and moral qualities that would make a godlike man, and who has been held up to all subsequent generations as a model to follow. He is also called *Sigurd Sverinn*, whence the name of *Sivard Snarensvend* (swift swain) in later Danish ballads, and in German, Hörnen-Sigfried.* In Germany, the Volsung cycle has been also preserved, but has probably not been reduced to writing till about year 1200, and hence has lost much of its ancient tone and adopted many of the costumes and characteristics of the knighthood of that period. The tales of Sigurd, the Northern part of this song-series, of which the scenes of action are along the Rhine and among the Franks, are contained in the epos "Niebelungen-Lied" (Niebelungen-Noth); while the Southern part, the tales of Dietrich of Bern, are treated of in "Heldenbuch." These heroic song-cycles have their root in the remotest mythological epochs. Through centuries of Heathenism and centuries of Christianity the sombre sound of their tragic conflicts has reached us, a source of phantasy from which each following generation has drawn and to which succeeding ages will return with never-ceasing interest.

Christianity, after conquering by slow degrees southern Europe, the Franks, the Britons, the Germanic tribes and the Saxons, at about the time of the death of Charlemagne (810), made its approach at the German frontier of the Scandinavian North. At the same time the Norse races were under the influence of the irresistible current from Britain and Ireland. Frankish and Irish monks subdued the hard-headed Northman spiritually, whilst he subjugated them bodily. Then, through the long and dreary middle ages, the Crown and the Church squelched his old viking spirit. The battles that were now fought were not his own, they were those of the kings; the thoughts that chained his brain were not his own, they were those of the priests, and instead of listening to the stirring harp strings, he was now awed by the solemn tinkling of the church chimes. It was no longer the tender Freja of his own fancy he cherished; it was the immaculate Virgin of the Church; the Valkyries had been driven from the sky, and angels were in possession.

*So called from a tradition that the swan, when death approaches, begins to sing.

†Edda-songs: Volsungakvida, Sigurdarkvida, Sigurdrifumál, Brynhildarkvida, Gudrunarkvida, Atlamál, Tafnismál, etc.; also Volsungasaga, the saga of Didrik of Bern, etc.

*Because after killing Fafner he rubbed himself with the monster's blood until his skin became impenetrable as horn.

Before a century had rolled by feudalism and clericalism reigned supreme. The Norse "Bonde" tilled another owner's soil, drew another man's sword, ran another man's errands. He kept nothing of his own except his laws* and -- *his songs*. "History" from that period is eminently the history of kings and prelates. We should know next to nothing about the people, the great surging crowd, but for these laws and songs. The chronicles of the kings and nobles do but mention them in the loosest manner, and the annals of the monks know nothing of them. Still, they were there. With their sympathies and antipathies, their loves and fears, their hates and tears, their hopes, their games, their happiness and their sorrows, they were there. While magnates were constructing history, they were singing theirs. At their work and at their play, round the May-poles and at the funerals, at their own wedding and at the king's or his lordship's, by the hearth or at sea, in the field or at the forge, through the woods or along the flowery hedges where swain was wooing maiden, they were singing. Their history is their song, and if we had not that we should have almost forgotten that they had any history at all. "The little gray peasant," he called himself, yet if gray and humble, he was there, ubiquitous and watchful, when the great era of printing broke upon the world, when the culture that had been brought by Christianity developed into an era of books, when the clanging of swords turned into a clanging of words, when might ceased to be recognized as right, and discussion entered the world as a deciding power in matters of happiness or damnation. He was there then. His song hushed, he became a listener, he listened for a long while, he is listening yet, but he is *more* than a listener. His voice is heard, he is in the midst of the discussion. The little gray peasant has become a powerful part of the commonwealth.

In our own day the genius of Richard Wagner has caught their lingering harmonies and swelled them into musical masterpieces that have brought the memory of this generation back to the heroes and heroines of the old Niflunga-epochs and their fatal struggles with all the wild passions, tender loves, daring deeds and cruel hates of the heathen North.

*It is worth noting that the Roman law never was adopted as common law in the North. The ancient native statutes, provincial laws and by-(town)-laws continued the basis of all jurisprudence, and till this day (collected by Christian V.) is the legal fundament in Denmark.

The people, then, through the middle ages, were not thinking or reading—they were hoping and singing; and to that period properly belong what we call the "Folksongs" (Folkeviser, Kæmpeviser). Some of them can be heard yet among the peasantry of this day. In our next issue we shall render a short account of these "Folksongs" and their literary history.

J. S. GRAM.

SANCTA BIRGITTA.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH FROM MEDIEVAL TIMES IN SWEDEN AND ITALY.*

[Concluded from May number].

At last it became impossible for Lady Birgitta any longer to remain in Sweden. She was driven out in the wide world to find new fields for her works of piety and her ever increasing desire to reform mankind. She was drawn toward Rome, where the year of jubilee, 1350, was to be celebrated. She divided her estates between her children and the poor, and resuming the pilgrim-staff, and accompanied by her youngest son, Birger, her confessors, Peter of Vadstena and Magister Peter, her own and her daughter's teacher, with some others, she wandered away through the middle of Europe, where the plague then was raging, toward Rome, the City of the Apostles, "where the streets were paved with gold and painted red by the blood of the martyrs." She left Sweden in the year 1349, and never revisited her native land, with which, however, she kept up frequent communication by the many who came and went between Sweden and the holy city.

She found Rome full of wickedness. The Pope was absent, keeping a luxurious and wicked court at Avignon. In Rome the churches were in ruins and desecrated; the priests neglected their sacred calling; on the streets bloody fights were of daily occurrence. Cola di Rienzi had lately made his unsuccessful attempt in the Rome of the middle age to re-establish the ancient republic, but was expelled, and the discord raged worse than ever.

Lady Birgitta took up her abode in Rome in a house not far from the Tiber, and quite near Palazzo Farnese, opposite Villa Farnesina, whose hall a century and a half later was adorned by the glorious paintings of Raffaëlle Sanzio. Her house is preserved to this day, but its appearance is somewhat changed. The church contains several memorials of her, and the three small apartments on

*The sources of reference for this sketch are the Historical Works of Frysell, Montelius and Hildebrand.

the second floor, which she occupied during her long residence in Rome, are held in great veneration by the French Order, which at present occupies the church and the house. Pope Pio Nono had one of these rooms adorned with fresco-painting on the ceiling.

In this abode Lady Birgitta spent a retired life. Her night lasted from eight o'clock in the evening till four o'clock in the morning, but at certain times she left her bed to pray. She slept on the floor. At four o'clock she rose, made confession and went out to visit holy places, and there make prayer. At eight o'clock she took her first meal in silence and prayer. Thereafter and until ten o'clock she was inclosed in her oratory. In the course of the day she visited the sick in the hospitals and churches, or else she remained at home working for the poor. After that she took her second meal, spent one hour in conversation with the inmates of her household, and passed the rest of the day in silence. Her house was simply furnished. Lady Birgitta herself tells that she had the most necessary wearing apparel for day and night; a few dishes for the table; her priests had the books required for the service, and the vessels for the communion. On account of her great charity and readiness to help she sometimes suffered herself for the necessities of life. Her house became the central point for all the Swedes—and they were not few—who visited the holy city, and to all Lady Birgitta was like a mother.

In the year of jubilee, 1350, Lady Birgitta's daughter Catherine, then eighteen years old, and for some years past married to Sir Eggart van Kyren, left Sweden in company with several others to visit her mother. The party arrived at the holy city in August, but Lady Birgitta, being absent in the neighborhood of Bologna, where she was busy reforming a convent, the daughter and her companions, ignorant of the mother's absence, strolled around the city for eight days in a vain attempt to find her, until, quite unexpectedly, they met, in the church of St. Peter, Lady Birgitta's confessor, Magister Peter. It had been Lady Catherine's intention to return home after a few weeks, but she was persuaded to delay her departure; and soon afterward receiving information of the death of her husband, she ever afterward remained with her mother. To the latter this was a great comfort, but also a source of care and anxiety. For Lady Catherine, on account of her youth and extraordinary beauty, which, being of the northern type, had a particular charm for the Italians, was the object of much

admiration and even persecution. Once, when Lady Catherine, accompanied by a number of Roman ladies, went to visit the church of St. Sebastian, outside the city, some young nobles were lying in ambush with a view of abducting her; but a hind, passing by their place of concealment, attracted the attention of the intended abductors, and, being eager sportsmen, they followed the animal in pursuit. Lady Catherine and party thus passed the place unmolested. This event was afterward commemorated in numerous sculptured or painted images of Lady Catherine, adorning many churches in Sweden, when, after her coronation, she is represented with a hind resting at her feet.

But although Lady Birgitta was regarded with veneration, her advice sought, her prayers and alms implored, still she did not in all respects give satisfaction to the Romans. She did not close her eyes to the moral degradation of the city, and did not hesitate publicly to pronounce her thoughts. "O Rome, Rome!" she proclaims, "now I must say about thee what the prophet said about Jerusalem: Roses and lilies in thy garden are overgrown with thistles, thy walls are broken down, thy gates have no watchmen, thy altars are deserted, thy holy vessels are sold, and from thy sanctuaries ascend no incense. Woe unto thee! If the friends of God did not incessantly invoke compassion, Rome would no longer exist." But it was not against temporal society alone the Seeress of the North directed her reproofs; she turned them also against the clergy—men—even against the pope himself. The dissolute Clemens VI., whom she calls "Lucifer on the Holy See," died, and she employed all her powers of persuasion on his successor, the pious and learned Innocentius VI., but he also expired, and Lady Birgitta, not less than the Poet Petrarca, then, by the most incessant prayers, persuaded Urbanus V. to come to the holy city. On October 16, 1367, the pope chanted the mass in Saint Peter's Church, and Lady Birgitta had the happiness to pay him her homage.

A couple of years later, Lady Birgitta's two sons, Sir Karl Ulfson and his brother Birger, went on a visit to their mother and sister. Lady Birgitta presented them to the Holy Father. Birger, the younger, steady in habits and serious of mind, wore plain, loose-fitting garments. Sir Karl, on the contrary, had adopted the foreign manners, which, with the Germans, had gained entrance in Sweden. His dress was of a different style, and he sported numerous jewels. Around the

waist he wore a belt ornamented with small bells, and his skirt consisted of stuffed ermine skins, hanging with the heads alternately upwards and downwards, each with a gilded bell around its neck and a gold ring in its mouth. Pope Urbanus received them kindly. In Birger he saluted a son of his mother, but Sir Karl, he declared, was a son of the world. Lady Birgitta then kneeled, and, on behalf of her sons, implored absolution. The pope felt of the weight of Sir Karl's belt and other ornaments, and jestingly remarked, "This weight is certainly penance enough," whereupon the mother exclaimed, "O Holy Father, only divest him of his sin and I shall certainly divest him of the belt."

Late in the fall of the year 1369 Lady Birgitta visited the holy places in and around Naples, and the Queen, Giovanna of Anjou, received with marked kindness the highborn Secress of the North, although the Queen's levity of temper and disposition sadly disagreed with the serious mind of her guest. After her return to Rome she finally succeeded in obtaining from the pope the confirmation of her cloister-rules, August 5, 1370. Already before this she had received permission to commence the erection of the cloister buildings at Vadstena.

Lady Birgitta was now well on in years, and old age commenced to leave its mark. She felt weak and sick. But notwithstanding this she made preparations for her longest and most important pilgrimage. Her objective point was the Holy Sepulchre, and she left Rome in 1371. Her three children, the two confessors, her faithful friend the Spanish Bishop Alfonso, Sir Magnus Peterson, a priest named Gudmar Fredrikson, and two servants, followed her. Several Roman nobles accompanied Lady Birgitta some distance on the road. In Naples, where she remained two months, several additions to her party were made. Queen Giovanna received her with the same kindness as on her former visit. The two sons of Lady Birgitta were now to be presented to the Queen, and the mother, formerly mistress at the court of the Queen of Sweden, instructed them to conform to the habits of the country in bowing, bending knee and kissing the foot of Queen Giovanna when the presentation took place. But even on this occasion Sir Karl caused his mother anxiety. After complying with his mother's instructions he rose and pressed a kiss on the lips of the beautiful Queen. The chronicle of the abbess of Vadstena, Margaretha, in which we have an account of these events, assures us that

the Queen was so far from being angry at the temerity of the young knight that she even expressed a desire to marry him. Disturbed and amazed, Lady Birgitta reminded the Queen that her son already had a wife in far-off Sweden, but the Queen would not in this see any insuperable obstacle, although a similar objection applied to herself, her third husband, Jacob of Mallorca, being yet alive. But now Sir Karl took sick and died within a fortnight. His mother could not but feel glad at his rescue from the danger, and while the Queen, the King and the first nobles of the land, mourning, followed the bier of the young knight to the convent of Santa Croce, in the outskirts of Naples, his mother walked quiet and reserved with gratitude in the midst of her sorrow.

Thursday, March 11, the day after the funeral, the pilgrims embarked, visited Messina, were driven by storm to Cefalonia; and, after being exposed to another storm, arrived at Cyprus on April 8. Here they remained for two weeks. Queen Leonora invoked the Seeress' advice and intercession that her young son Pierre might be enabled to retain the kingdom of his murdered father. In the beginning of May the pilgrims arrived at Joppe, and on the 21st of the same month entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In the middle of August they were in Bethlehem. Before leaving the Holy Land Lady Birgitta had the happiness to see her only remaining son, Birger, made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre.

In September the party returned. Lady Birgitta was sick, but this did not prevent her, when for the second time she came to Cyprus, to promulgate before the Court the revelations she had received of the punishment threatening the island for the wickedness which then existed. In two days later the Genoese commenced hostilities, and the year following the kingdom became tributary to Genoa. The sickness of Lady Birgitta continued; she never regained health, but, sick as she was, she preached penance in Naples, and sent Bishop Alfonso to the pope with warning revelations. After her return to Rome Lady Birgitta attempted to resume her former habits of self-denial and work, but her strength failed and she was obliged to remain at her house, and died July 23, 1373. One year later Lady Catherine brought the remains of her mother to Sweden, where they were received with great solemnities and tokens of unbounded veneration, and deposited in the cloister of Vadstena. On October 8, 1391, her name was inscribed among the Saints of the Roman church. During the middle age opinions

were divided as to the value of her revelations. At the Council in Kostnitz in the year 1415, the learned theologian Jean Gerson, of Sorbonne, pronounced his doubts as well in regard to the reliability of her revelations as to the propriety of her coronation; but, notwithstanding this protest, the former as well as the latter, were confirmed by the popes Johannes XXIII. and Martinus V.

That the Roman church was not in all respects satisfied with Lady Birgitta need not surprise any one; for a pronounced reformatory spirit pervaded as well several acts of her life as her revelations. So, for instance, before leaving Sweden, she took measures to have the Bible translated into Swedish, of which translation, however, only the five Books of Moses, it is thought, were finished, and in her cloister-rules she ordered that all preaching should be done in the Swedish language. This spirit is also exhibited, not only in her demanding a more sincere Christianity than the church of her time required, and in her not sharing its faith in the excellence of external works, but also in the fact that, deeply impressed by the prevailing spiritual degradation, she dared to condemn the papal power. In one of her alleged revelations Christ says to a pope standing before the Lord's judgment seat: "Thou art a murderer of souls worse than Lucifer, more unjust than Pilate, more cruel than Judas, more inhuman than the Jews. Thy throne shall sink down as a heavy rock, which does not stop until it reaches the bottom of the abyss." No wonder, therefore, that the reformers of the sixteenth century counted Lady Birgitta as one of the harbingers of the Reformation.

At this distance of time it is difficult to do justice to or even fully understand Lady Birgitta. That she endeavored to carry out the meritorious works and good deeds of the Roman Catholic church cannot be put forth as a reproach. She could not escape being a child of her time, even if she was in advance of her cotemporaries. Her fastings, penances, giving of alms, and the like, were not with her merely external deeds, but rather manifestations of the period in which she lived, and of the inner life of her soul. And whatever opinions we may entertain of Lady Birgitta's revelations, the purity of her life, her sincere piety, her extensive charity and fearlessness to reprove vice and wickedness, even in the highest places, cannot but command our deepest veneration.

JOHN SWAINSON.

THREE NORTHERN SCULPTORS.

BY MARIA SOLTER.

II. FREUND.

There are not a few points of resemblance between the Swedish sculptor Fogelberg and the artist now under consideration, Herman Ernst Freund. They were born the same year, and Freund, born in the city of Bremen, to escape conscription to Napoleon's army, emigrated to Copenhagen in 1804, when eighteen years of age, and went to work in his uncle's workshop in that city.

It will be remembered that Fogelberg had learned the trade of a brazier before he came to Stockholm. Freund had learned that of a locksmith, and the lock he made as probation work in 1806 was by the alderman declared to be a masterpiece. He had made the acquaintance of I. Conradson, the engraver, who had taught him his art, and the lock bore his initials in clear-cut characters.

Like Fogelberg, Freund was a self-made man; thirsting for knowledge, he was not satisfied to learn what was strictly necessary for his profession: he wished to develop the man in him first, then the artist. He left the smithy to work with Conradson in the mint as an engraver, and this left him more time to cultivate his mind and practice drawing and modeling in the Academy of Fine Arts. Besides he attended lectures, studied the mechanics, anatomy and perspective, but loved above all to study history, mythology, ancient and modern languages and literature. When Copenhagen was bombarded in 1807 by the English, Freund identified himself with his adopted country, and took part in its defense. Since then he felt himself a Dane, learned the Danish language with great ease, and used it even in converse with his younger brothers and German relatives in Copenhagen. In 1811 he acquired birthright and Danish citizenship.

Less fortunate than Fogelberg, who in Stockholm found Sergel, Freund found nobody in Copenhagen to teach and guide him in his art. To be sure Denmark had at the time a sculptor greater than Sergel, but Thorvaldsen had been since 1796 in Rome. Abildgaard, whom Freund has studied well, was dead; Dajon, the professor of sculpture of the Academy at the time, was no artist at all; C. F. Hansen, the architect, and one of the leaders of the Academy, quarreled with the talented young man because he aspired to something higher than stucco-work, and Warberg, the

director of the mint, highly pleased with the stamps Freund made to his orders, wanted him to become a brazier. Only Clemens, our famous engraver, saw the artist in him and advised him to pursue medallion engraving; but for several years Freund could not make up his mind whether to choose engraving or sculpture for his profession. In 1809 he made a beautiful medal, representing on one side the genius of art reposing with a burning torch lifted above his head, and on the other side the head of the same figure enlarged. The legend he chose was from the first book of the *Æneid* engraved in the circumference on both sides, "*Sis felix nostrumque leves, quæcumque, laborem,*" and this medal, the first which the young man made, is in some respects a progress beyond what till then had been done in Denmark in this branch of art.

Meanwhile Freund studied with admiration and zeal the antiquities of our collections, and was "seized with fear and trembling when face to face with the most beautiful then known." "Could I only leave one such figure," he exclaimed with tears, "then I would willingly die."

But besides the antiques he studied life and nature closely, and did not miss any Saturday night to be present in his uncle's workshop when the men undressed for a thorough washing by the glare of the smithy; and in 1812 he began to model full-sized figures. The same year he had a bas-relief, representing Sappho, at the yearly exhibition of the Academy.

In the month of July, 1813, the department of finances sent Freund to Kongsberg, Norway, to superintend the work of the new coining mills, improved after English pattern, and he performed his task to the perfect satisfaction of the department, and came back in time to enter the competition for the smaller golden medal of the Academy and won it. Thus encouraged he decided to choose sculpture for his vocation.

The writer of the present sketch has seen a picture of Freund taken about this time, which is remarkably beautiful; there is something angelic in the face, so innocent, thoughtful and firm. And the universal testimony is that he was a very lovable, pure-minded and upright young man. He was also a man of extraordinary capacity and a genuine artist—but he was not a fortunate man. It was perhaps too much for a small nation to have other sculptors cotemporary with Thorvaldsen.

In 1815 Freund began a life-sized statue of Eurydice, and had it exhibited in clay late in March. It was greatly approved by the public and by the

Academy, and Prince Christian (later Christian VIII.) ordered it cast in plaster.

When all was ready for the casting, Freund, on entering his studio one morning, found Eurydice crumbled to dust; we may imagine the grief and disappointment of the young artist.

Several other works of Freund have had the same fate, because he was too poor to have them cast in time. The only work remaining from this period of his life is a colossal bust of Fredrick VI. made to order in 1816, and now found in the military hospital in Copenhagen. In 1815 Freund competed for the larger golden medal of the Academy, but failed to obtain the prize. He wavered again, and thought of devoting himself entirely to medal-engraving and took part in the competition for the coronation medal the same year. But sculpture was his ideal of art, and next year he again entered the competition for the greatest prize, and obtained the much-desired great golden medal, which gave him a claim for traveling stipends for several years. In December, 1817, he set out for Rome, the goal of all artists.

He laid out his journey through Berlin, where an elder brother of his had a large foundry; there he became acquainted with many distinguished men and women, to whom his winning appearance and rare culture gave him easy access. Von Zscok's drawing-rooms were opened to him, and he made a portrait medallion of Lady von Z., remarkable for its elegance and life-like beauty. He also made a bust of his brother, before he left Berlin, visited frequently the studios of Schadow and Rauch, the sculptors, and Berg and Schinkel, the architects, during his stay there.

Leaving Dresden and Vienna he proceeded to Venice, visiting museums and private and public collections of art wherever he stopped, and paying particular attention to the influence of art on the trades in the different countries. From Venice he made his way through Verona and Bologna to Florence, where the monuments of Michael Angelo attracted his particular attention, and no doubt there was great affinity between the universal genius of Angelo and that of Freund.

In May, 1818, Freund arrived at Rome, the end of his wanderings, and was well received by Thorvaldsen, who opened his studios and his house to him, where Freund lived most of his time while staying in Rome; and he became a great comfort to the elder master. Freund was indeed to him as a son and most devoted friend, upon whom Thorvaldsen chiefly could rely during his absence from Rome (1819-20). Of Thorvaldsen's

correspondence and business transactions Freund took charge entirely. "Freund would be near the great master, he would see the masterpieces rise into existence, and learn thereby—but he would not imitate them." "He would bring forth what was characteristic of his own genius, therefore he studied Michael Angelo, the Greeks—and then Thorvaldsen. Therefore he was not what may be called a pupil of Thorvaldsen, and Thorvaldsen treated him more like an equal—followed even his advice sometimes."*

Thus Freund was in Rome when Fogelberg arrived there two years later. Whether there existed any intercourse between the two, I have not been able to ascertain, but in time their object became the same; what Fogelberg was among Swedish artists, Freund was to Danish sculptors, the pathfinder of the northern style.

It was, however, through grief and disappointment that Freund's career should run. Before he left Copenhagen, he had an order for the Twelve Apostles for the metropolitan church, but he had no formal contract with the building committee, and Freund was in no haste to begin this considerable work, as he felt the need of great preparation. Meanwhile he made his "Chloe," a young girl with a lamb drinking from her cup, also called the "Shepherdess." It was a beautiful figure, showing attentive study of nature; an Italian nobleman ordered it done in marble—the first order of the kind Freund had—but bad luck followed him; the nobleman died, and his heirs bargained with the artist, so it was not done in marble. It being the first work of the artist done in Rome, it is to be regretted that it is now irredeemably lost by the recent fire at Christiansborg.

To obtain practice in marble-cutting before he went to work at the apostles, he now made two busts, one of C. A. Jensen, the painter, and one of his dear friend Ingemann, our sweet poet, who had sung the artist's farewell, when this one left Copenhagen, and who was now in Rome too. And a most spirited rendering of the poet in his youth is this bust, cut entirely by Freund, and of which Thorvaldsen said that "it was cut, not by the chisel, but by the brains."

Thus prepared, Freund began in spring, 1819, with great zeal and earnestness to sketch the apostles; he made them all one-fifth of the real size, and finished Thaddeus in life-size—and then came the great trial and disappointment of his

life. Thorvaldsen was at the time in Copenhagen, and got the order for all the works of the metropolitan church. To be sure he used his influence to obtain for Freund the promise of a larger order for Christiansborg church: the Four Evangelists, several relieves and the ornaments of the ceiling. A number of mythological figures for one of the staircases of the palace were also spoken of; but to fill his cup of bitterness to the brim, C. F. Hansen, who had never been a friend of Freund, was the chairman of the building committee, who decided in these matters; and not till after much delay and suspense did he get the order. Nobody paid him for Thaddeus, which he had made in good faith on the first order, and his means were scarce.

Again Freund began work on the order of the building committee in Copenhagen. He made Luke in colossal size in marble. It is a powerful statue, and has now found its place in the church for which it was made, but when it arrived in Copenhagen in 1826, Mr. Hansen found fault with its size (though made exactly to the given measure), and it was placed in the cellar instead of in the niche of the church, where it did fit, after all. There it remained till both Hansen and Freund were dead. Freund made no more evangelists; while the fate of Luke was yet unknown to him, he had made a Mercury for the staircase in the palace, a fine figure, which was not, however, used or done in marble; the plaster caste belongs now to the Art Museum.

As is often the case, the greatest and best is born of grief and disappointment, and it was fortunate that Freund, who was almost sinking under the cold and indifferent treatment of those he had to deal with, at this time found a new field to work in, where he could draw strength and freshness for his true calling.

We have seen already how men of letters in Sweden and Denmark had considered the question, how far northern mythology was fit for treatment by painters and sculptors, and how an invitation to artists had been issued in Sweden already, 1818, and that Fogelberg had taken part in the competition while yet in Stockholm. It was not till 1821 that a similar invitation was issued in Copenhagen by the Scandinavian Literary Society.

There was at that time in Copenhagen a man of high standing and of great influence, to whom many young men of talent were greatly indebted, and whose name therefore figures in the lives of most of our celebrated men of later days. It was

* Life of Freund, by his son, Victor Freund, ed. by Baumann, to which source the present writer is much indebted.

I. Collin who gave the impulse to the above step of the S. L. S., and who wrote to Freund, whose friend he had been, before the artist left Copenhagen, encouraging him to enter the competition for the prizes for works of northern subjects. Freund then made a bas-relief representing "Odin and Balder consoling the Nornes" (the fates), for which he obtained one prize, and a figure of Odin for which he obtained another.

How much better Fogelberg was situated, when he began to fashion his gods! All Freund had to draw from was "the gods of the North," by Oehlenschläger, and Fin Magnussen's translation of the first part of the Edda sent him by Collin. Still he conceived the idea of representing the whole northern mythology in one continuous prize. He wrote to his brother in Altona at that time, that if he had had 10,000 dollars, he would have invested them all in the gods of Valhall, have a workshop of his own, and make the gods large and in marble. But he had not the \$10,000 and he began to negotiate again with the fatale committee in Copenhagen about a room in the palace for his frieze. And a room was at last allowed him, but so small that he saw he had to alter his plan and limit himself to represent Ragnarok, the great final battle, where the Asa gods have to give way to Alfader. But even this was a gigantic idea, worthy a first-class genius, and Freund went to work full of hope and spirit; reputation, remuneration were always secondary in his consideration; to be able to bring forth the ideal of his conception was his chief concern. He therefore studied and worked alternately. However, judging this work, we should always remember that he did it in Rome, where the surroundings were less congenial to this subject, and that the sources from which he drew his knowledge more than half a century ago are now considered far from authentic. That northern strength and idealism have found a fine poetic expression in this frieze, unique in its kind, is generally conceded, and that only a superior creative mind could conceive it no one will deny.

Always preferring to work in clay rather than with his pencil, he made a sketch twenty inches high and had a drawing made from it which he sent to Copenhagen.

As this is the chief work of Freund, it is proper to describe it as well as can be done without illustrations. From Valhal, where we see Frigga, Freja, and other goddesses, sitting mournfully around Lidskjalf, the Enheries (warriors) proceed to battle, and the great center of interest is Vigrid,

the battle-field, where Odin meets Fenris. Thor the Midgard-serpent, Frej Surtur, and so forth, where gods and giants, Valkyries and Enheries are thronging to the great final crisis, Hejmdal on Bifrost sounds his bugle that can be heard through all the worlds, while the serpent has risen from the ocean and winds his way over Bifrost to Thor. This figure of Thor in all his naked strength and power, lifting his hammer to strike the monster, is one of the most powerful in the whole composition. Alfader is another wonderful creation, rolling forward to victory, surrounded by the hosts of heaven. Nothing more beautiful than the host of Valkyries hastening to battle, some leaping to their horses' backs some seated already. The ease, the elasticity of these winged creatures is superb, and the nine mothers of Hejmdal, scattered by the twisting body of the serpent, how full of life and suffering! The goddesses around Lidskjalf expressing grief in all grades from quiet resignation to wild despair; all these female groups, as also the "Vanes," form a graceful contrast to the colossal power of the combatants,—Surtur with Muspel's sons, Rym steering the ship, Nagelfarn, and Loke leading the Thurser. This Loke is another most striking figure in the whole array, sneaking forward with the wings of a bat on his shoulders, all the wickedness and mischief of his character is expressed, not only in his looks and movements but in every fold of his garment. And this is another beauty in this vast composition, the variety and difference of material of the different coverings rendered with great skill and realism, expressive for the different characters. A full drapery covers entirely the inconceivable Surtur, head and all, and the majestic figure of Sif (except the face), while the drapery is only lightly thrown over part of the bodies of other figures. A mighty bull's skin is thrown over Starkod's shoulders, others are clothed in woollen garments.

When the sketch was finished, 1826, it was received in Rome with great admiration, but Freund had it also exhibited in Munich and Stuttgart, before it was sent to Denmark, and everywhere it received the approval of artists and connoisseurs.

Meanwhile Freund had received no payment for Luke, and it was fortunate that the king of Bavaria gave him some orders for the Glyptothek in Munich, where Freund's bust of Stolberg, "with the exception of Thorvaldsen's, is superior to all the busts in the collection."

While Freund was thus occupied in Rome, Professor Dajon died, 1823, in Copenhagen, and

Freund was invited to succeed him in office at the Academy and take possession of his large studios. But men's untrustiness had made Freund wary in spite of his frank and confident disposition, and he was in no haste to leave Rome.

In the Spring of 1825, Thorvaldsen's works were to be shipped from Leghorn in a Danish royal brig, and Prince Christian urged Freund to take charge of the shipment and send some of his own works home on the same occasion. And faithful to the interest of Thorvaldsen, he left for Leghorn and lost much precious time, as the brig had not yet arrived. But Freund knew how to turn bad luck to advantage; during the time of suspense he visited Pisa, Perugia and Florence, where he dwelt in the galleries of art from morning to evening, and could measure the steps he had taken in the understanding of art since he was there seven years ago. The works of his own that were sent home with the brig were the busts of Jensen and Ingeman, and the statue of Luke.

It was the same year that H. V. Bissen arrived in Rome, addressed to Thorvaldsen and Freund. He was considerably younger than Freund, but the two soon became friends, and in time Bissen became the invaluable friend to Freund. In 1827 they made together a journey on foot to Naples, where Freund felt himself peculiarly attracted by the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and made studies that later came to practical use in Denmark. Then they proceeded to Palermo and other cities in Sicily, and on his way Freund added many a gem of art to a collection he had begun in Rome, as far as his small means would allow him.

Having assisted Thorvaldsen with another shipment, Freund concluded at last to leave Rome at the beginning of 1828, and made the journey to Denmark for the greater part on foot. He stopped, however, at Florence, to await a milder season before he crossed the Alps, and set out for Paris at the beginning of March, studying art and nature everywhere on his way, and arriving there in the middle of the next month.

After a sojourn of some weeks at Paris, where Freund found himself less attracted than Fogelberg, he proceeded via Strasburg, Munich and Dresden to Berlin, where he arrived in July. His brother was dead now, and he made him a monument very chaste and beautiful. On a foot-piece 20 inches high is a slender vase in Greek style 5 feet 9 inches high. On the vase is a bas-relief of the norne Skield, represented as Valkyrie; descended from her horse she reads the role of fate.

In the middle of September Freund left Ber-

lin, visited his father in Bremen and a brother in Altona, and arrived at Copenhagen in November. For reception-piece to the Academy he made a figure of Thor resting after battle, half natural size, in marble,—one arm leaning on the hammer, the other crossing it, and the thunder-bolt in his hand. The body is expressive of great strength, and the head far superior to that of Fogelberg's Thor. It is only to be regretted that we have no standing Thor in colossal size by Freund; what it might have been he has shown here, as also in the exquisite Thor in the frieze of Ragnarok. His Odin sitting in Lidskjaly and looking over the world was already cast in bronze in Rome, but Freund had it carefully chased in Copenhagen. It is, perhaps, the best figure he has made, but it is also, for want of means, in miniature size. It belongs to the Art Union.

In July, 1829, Freund became a member, and in October Professor of the Academy, and he now went to work with great zeal and enthusiasm to fit up his home and adjoining studios. It was not a merely selfish enterprise; he wanted to show his countrymen how art ought to enter into all relations of life, and he did apply it in the decorations of his rooms, in the design and finish of the furniture, yea, in the most common utensils. His studies in Herculaneum and Pompeii now bore fruit, and his influence on all trades in Denmark is considerable. On this occasion he educated G. C. Hilker, who has afterward merited well of his countrymen by the decoration of some of our finest public and private buildings; he was Freund's chief assistant now. Not only the rooms, but the yard or garden—for the allowed space served as both—was a cosy retreat for an artist, and he called his home, not inappropriately, "A reminiscence of a better place." He dreamed there of the sunny south, and its treasures of art and nature.

The studios were soon all alive. Freund was never idle; he had received orders on his way home, and his countrymen gave him others. If it was nothing but tombstones, Freund knew how to make them monuments of art, and also here he introduced a better and nobler style. Pupils came who wanted his instruction; among them a lady, Mrs. Voigt, then Miss Herbst, who has become famous for her beautiful animals cut in ivory.

Freund was interested in the improvement of our coins, and a slight attempt was made during his lifetime to follow his advice. As pupils of his in this department may be mentioned C. Christensen and H. Conradsen, a son of his own teacher.

Freund was an active member of the committee for the erection of Thorvaldsen's museum, and we owe him thanks for the admirable adjustment of light in this building, brought into each room as far as possible, as in the studio. He also deserves well of the Art Union, where he was one of the members of the board of trustees.

But we must come back to the frieze of Ragnarok. When the sketch came to Copenhagen it had awaked so much surprise and satisfaction that a larger room in the palace was allowed Freund. He had, while yet in Rome, began to execute it in the given height, and now, when it was to fit a larger room, additions had to be made that would disturb his plan, and he got tired of it, put it off, and at his premature death it remained unfinished.

It was, therefore, finished by his faithful friend and brother in art, H. V. Bissen, who made the required additions, and it took its place in the palace, where in 1884 it was among the comparatively few works of art that were burned; and, what was worse, Freund's first sketch, which was destined for the national museum at Fredriksborg, was packed and stored in the same building, and was burned also. There then remained nothing of his work unique in its kind but the drawing which Freund had sent from Rome, and which Lindau, a German, had made from the original sketch, and another drawing which Olrik had made from the larger frieze finished by Bissen. Fortunately the destruction happened while Chr. Freund (a nephew and pupil of H. E. Freund), who had worked with Bissen at the frieze for the palace, is yet alive; and with laudable reverence for his uncle's memory he is now devoting his time to the restoration of this work, which has as yet no parallel in the annals of sculpture. At the yearly exhibition, now opened at Charlottenborg, half the frieze is already seen.

In the year 1835 Freund had introduced into his home a wife, whom he had known from her childhood and loved before he left Copenhagen, and who, on his return from Rome, had realized all his dreams of womanly perfection. They had a son and a daughter.

Very different from Fogelberg, Freund was a very social and genial being, and he saw in his home many true friends made abroad and at home; among them we may mention, as perhaps the most intimate, Bissen, who had married a friend of his wife, and Høyen, the art-critic.

Already, 1836, Freund's health began to give way, and in 1840, the second of June, he breathed his last. His early departure was felt as a great

public and private bereavement, for he was a good and lovable man, a great worker and an original artist.

A large procession of artists and artists' friends, headed by Thorvaldsen and Collin, followed him to his last resting-place, where his friend Bissen set him a handsome monument. Another friend, Ingemann, sang his requiem.

THE MUSIC AND MUSICIANS OF NORWAY.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

[Continued from May Number.]

All good things come in groups of three, and the next important trio in the musical history of Norway is composed of Rikard Nordraak, who was born in Christiania, June 12, 1842, and who died March 20, 1866, scarcely twenty-four years of age; Edvard Grieg, born in Bergen, June 15, 1843; and Johan Svendsen, born in Christiania in 1850, the year that took Kjerulf abroad.

The period of years allotted him who will always be called young Nordraak, for the cultivation of music, yielded a valuable and significant harvest. He wrote no great symphony, no opera, yet the few vocal and piano compositions he did leave behind him are so filled with the genuine national ring, they contain so many suggestions for Norse operas and symphonies, so many glimpses of what might be made of all the Norse dreams, are so overflowing with the national fervor that quivered through the young artist's being, that the imagination in dwelling upon all this budding promise, sorrowfully pictures what the world has been deprived of through his early death. Nothing is lost, however, in the economy of nature, and others have profited and will yet profit by the germ he did not live long enough to develop. Rikard Nordraak first studied music in a school established by the father of the pianist, Edmund Neupert, and had further opportunity to profit by the instructions of fine teachers in Copenhagen, where he went in his fourteenth year to attend a commercial college. His remarkable talent for music became at last so apparent that he was permitted to leave the business school and continue his musical studies in Berlin. His efforts at composition displayed such originality, freshness and vigor, such a wealth of melody and fancy, that he won much praise from prominent musicians in the glowing circle that surrounded him. His "Scherzo Capriccioso," which he had an opportunity to play for Meyerbeer, received most flattering words of commendation from this master. Nord-

raak's other principal compositions are: music to Björnson's "Maria Stuart" and "Sigurd Slembe," and several groups of songs to words of Björnson, Jonas Lie and others, among them some patriotic songs. Björnson, who was related to him by ties of blood, took great pride in him and was peculiarly well pleased with his young kinsman's musical interpretation of his own poetry. The best known composition of Nordraak is his spirited patriotic song to Björnson's "Ja, vi elsker dette Landet," which has found its way to the hearts of the people, and is more sung by all classes than any other Norse song.

The event in the career of this gifted youth that was most productive of fruitful results, was his acquaintance with a young fellow countryman to whose genius it was in Nordraak's power to give the key note. Edvard Hagerup Grieg, the son of a musically endowed mother, Fru Gesine Hagerup Grieg, by whom he was from infancy surrounded by wisely-directed musical influences, and Consul Alexander Grieg, a man of high social position, came into the world at a time when the course of true art in Norway was beginning to run so smoothly that he who would was permitted to find in it a career. When the boy Edvard was fifteen years of age, a trip with his father through the mountains aroused within him the desire to become a musician, a strikingly characteristic incident in the life of one whose musical works are constant reminders of fresh aromatic breezes, blue fjords, plashing water-falls and lofty mountains. About this time a visit from Ole Bull, who was a near relative and who became enthusiastic over Edvard's piano playing, led to sending the youth to Leipzig, where he was bored with some of his dry studies, infatuated with the works of Chopin, Schumann and Wagner, and made no wiser during his stay concerning Edvard Grieg's proper place in the world than when he entered. He graduated with honor in 1862, and went to Copenhagen to study with Gade, the northern element of whose compositions soon kindled in young Grieg's soul a desire to speak a word for Norse art. He plunged into a study of Norse Saga literature, legendary lore, folk music and national characteristics, and while groping for light, Nordraak came like a spirit of deliverance into his life and made it clear how he, Edvard Grieg, could find the utterance he sought. Most helpful to both were the happy dreams these young men dreamed together, even Nordraak's contempt of technique inspired Grieg to increased efforts in this direction. Quite a number of vocal romances, "Humoresker" (op.

6), E minor piano sonata (op. 7), and the violin and piano sonata in F minor (op. 8), are souvenirs of this period. The winter of 1865-66 was passed by Grieg in Rome, and the following autumn took him to Christiania, which was his headquarters for the next eight years. He inaugurated his stay there with a concert of Norse music, at which Nina Hagerup, a lady who came as a new inspiration into his life and whom he afterward married, sang romances of Nordraak, Kjerulf and Grieg. The life of Edvard Grieg would not be complete without his other half, whose sympathetic voice and style most happily interpret to the world the songs that are written for her. Their union is like that of Robert and Clara Schumann. A public stipend enabled Grieg to pass some months of 1870 in Rome, where he derived much encouragement from association with Liszt, who had written to him two years earlier praising his piano-sonata, op. 8, and who now gave most flattering commendation to the A minor concert, then in manuscript. To Liszt Grieg dedicated his "Foran Sydens Kloster" (from Björnson's *Arnljot*), written shortly after his visit to Rome, a work so intensely dramatic and so sublime that we cannot listen to it without bowing before the earnest man of genius from the depths of whose soul it emanated. Before going to Rome Grieg had led the Philharmonic Society, founded in 1848 by Arnold, had given a series of subscription concerts and had enjoyed until 1868 the friendly support of Kjerulf; after his return he established "Musikforeningen," whose leadership eventually passed into the hands of Svendsen, to whom he dedicated his superb violin and piano sonata in G minor (op. 13) in token of keen appreciation. An annuity awarded by the Storting in 1874 enabled Grieg to travel, and thenceforth we read of his successful concerts in various cities of Europe. His string-quartet, op. 27, a monumental work in the history of Norse music, was first brought out by him in Cologne, and was well received. Other compositions of his wandering years are: music to Ibsen's "Per Gynt"; a series of variations on a Norse melody; a group of album pieces, op. 28, and of lyric pieces, op. 12; a Ballade, op. 24; two Impersonata, op. 29; several songs to poems by Ibsen, Paulsen and Vinje, and finally the A minor sonata for violoncello and piano. His summers for a number of years were passed in the beautiful Hardanger region, where he had a cottage just large enough to hold his Erard grand piano and his writing table, and where he was undisturbed

in his intercourse with nature. He has recently built a fine home in the vicinity of Bergen where for two years he did noble work as leader of "Harmonien," the chief musical society of his native town, and it is now his intention to devote his energies wholly to composition. Grieg has been called the Chopin of northern music, and there is something in the minor undercurrent of his national element that recalls much of a corresponding nature in the Polish national tone-poet, yet in vigor, in a certain almost defiant ring, Grieg is much more nearly akin to Schumann. With all his national fervor, Edvard Grieg is a cosmopolitan musician. He has entered fully into the folk-music of his native land, appropriated and stamped with his own strong individuality its characteristic rhythms, accents, freshness and profundity, and presented them to the world in a form calculated to attract universal attention. Above all else, Grieg is original, and there are certain little tricks of harmony, certain modes of expression, by which his compositions can always be recognized. In honor of the recent Holberg festival he wrote a Suite, composed of a Prelude, Sarabande, Gavotte, Air and Rigandon, so thoroughly in the character of the olden time that did we not know Grieg we might readily suppose it to be written by some contemporary of Holberg. It is quite delightful, however, to recognize Grieg in the quaint dance movements, and to detect a Halling strain in the Musette of the Gavotte. Grieg also wrote for the Holberg celebration in Bergen a cantata which is said to be exceedingly fine. Besides the works mentioned, Grieg has among other things written music to Björnson's "Sigurd Jorsalfar," has brought out a number of piano compositions, among them several for four hands, and has written a most unique and effective accompaniment for a second piano to Mozart's Sonata in A. Björnson has been for many years a steadfast friend to Grieg, has furnished him with some of his best poetic materials for composition, and has been to him in various ways a tower of strength. In making a study of Grieg it might be well to begin with his admirable and exceedingly characteristic piano arrangements of Norse folk-songs and dances, op. 17, and to take up after this the delightful "Pictures in Popular Life," op. 19.

[To be concluded in July number.]

KING OSCAR seems to take a considerable personal interest in the question of military organization in Sweden. He has had several personal interviews with the members of the committees concerning a possible agreement about this difficult matter.

NEVER FEAR.

BY CHRISTIAN RICHARDT.

[Translated from the Danish (by request) by Sarah Corning Pauli.]

Let joy dwell within your soul,
While God's laws you're keeping,
Though you reach your destined goal
Not till this world's ending.

Powers of darkness never fear,
Stars are always shining.
With "Our Father" ever near
Naught need you be fearing.

Strive for all that you hold dear,
Die, if so it need be,
Then in life there's naught to fear,
Death hath no terrors for thee.

THE STORY OF ROSALIE.

BY FREDERICK PETERSON.

[Continued from May Number.]

Pity was a slender, white flame, such as burns before a crucifix, but it had leaped up into a conflagration of love. How can I describe the love of a being about to die!—a love so unearthly, so despairing, so sweet, so bitterly sweet! What freak of Fate was this, that I should behold the being I loved best of all on earth slowly crumbling down before me like a ruined dwelling!

But time passed on. Many happy hours I spent with her. The sunset and the twilight hours we loved the best. There was both a summer and a winter in my heart, it seemed to me—love and pain; or, the love there seemed like a bed of roses over which was blowing continually a cold wind from the grave. There was a world of welcome in her eyes when I came into her room. I would sit by her side and hold her hand, or I would lift her up until her head might lean upon my breast and the long brown hair flow backward over my shoulder. Travelers have sometimes in a deep forest come upon a forsaken camp-fire where the embers were still smouldering. For a moment some wind-sprite from the woodland has caused the flame to shoot up again higher and higher in a rosy glow, until suddenly it darkened again and there remained nothing but ashes. Such was the love of Rosalie. Only the flame of it shot far upward and vanished in heaven. Once as I sat by her side a far-off look appeared in her eyes, and I said to her:

"What is it you see? What is it you think?"

"The ocean, illimitable and ever-moving, and a rugged and lonely coast. Upon a green lawn, and surrounded by a lovely garden, stands a gray stone cottage. Its windows are open to the sea

and are covered with vines. Never were doors more inviting. The music of the waves is always present to those who live there; the ever-changing melody, now soft and melancholy, now stately and majestic, and now weird and fierce and wild. The dyes of the morning and of the evening skies, the moon that lies upon the sea like a great canoe, the illusive colors of the waters, the stars, the watchful and patient sentinels of heaven—all these have their own speech for the dwellers there. If only out of this world's sorrow and din I could have passed a quiet life in some place like this! Can we not break the manacles of fate and fly from this pain? You could live with me there and love me, for you would be like a brother to me. We would be brother and sister."

"Yes, Rosalie, I would be your brother. I love you too much to be other than that. How the years would pass with us in such a place! We could shut ourselves out from the strife and sin of the earth, and make life be as gentle and beautiful as a dream. Who knows but a thousand thoughts of the beautiful, the good and the true might go forth from our earthly paradise to partly conceal from other human eyes their clanking chains and dreary prison walls! The souls of the flowers and the green grass and the trees would speak to us. The suns of the sky, with their unnumbered, inhabited, planets would teach us of the grandeur of the unknown and unknowable God. And the nearness of the sea and our brotherly love would keep ever in our minds the infinity of nature and the miracle of consciousness in such clay as we."

For a little while the illusion seemed reality, but as sometimes the ocean fades and changes from green into blue and from blue into gray, so the brightness of the vision grew slowly into a sombre hue. Rosalie broke the silence:

"I must go soon. The days left me are but a slender rosary, quickly counted. Thoughts of you are the sweet prayers I say. Not long from now and you will not find me anywhere, though you seek the world over."

"Not anywhere, Rosalie? What becomes of the part of you which is really you, the part of you which is not your body? What creed have you?"

"I believe in a First Cause, God, working toward a great and beautiful purpose, to me unfathomable, incomprehensible, and that my living has been a necessary part of the universal plan. It was my destiny to be born, to live as I have lived, to die now soon, and to be content to have

taken the part thus assigned me by God. The universe is so beautiful that I am glad to have lived in it, and to have been given even this apparently humble and sorrowful place. The soul is immortal, but not the individual soul."

"He who in ancient days drank calmly the juice of the hemlock had not more courage or philosophy than you. What must I think you, then, when you are not here—your soul and body scattered again to their earlier forms of earth, air, water, fire and force? No, until I die too, I shall keep you, as you are now, in the most sacred room of my heart—a white-robed form, with flowing brown hair, fresh, gentle, melancholy face, two tender brown eyes, and the spirit of you looking out at me. Alas!

"Death forerunneth love to win
Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

"What are those lines?"

"When I come again I shall bring the whole poem and read it to you."

And when I came again I read to her that lovely poem from Mrs. Browning—"Catarina to Camoens."

She said softly when I had finished,

"Blessed eyes mine eyes have been,
If the sweetest thine have seen."

Then after a silence: "I have something I want to give you—a memento of me." She loosened from her neck a slender gold chain upon which, hanging down into her bosom, were a little locket and a crescent of rubies set in gold.

"I have worn these as long as I can remember. My mother gave them to me. You must wear them in the same way—an amulet to ward off life's perils."

I opened the locket. There was a tiny photograph inside, of two babes apparently two or three years of age.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"I do not know. Perhaps some one dear to my mother. She never told me. There is a name engraved inside, *Lindholm*, probably the maker."

Rosalie fastened the chain so it could not be seen about my neck, and the locket and crescent slipped down over my heart.

I looked at the locket again when I went to bed that night. Besides the name already mentioned there was the name *Upsala*, which I looked up in the gazetteer, and found was the name of a place in Sweden, probably where it was made, and *Lindholm* was undoubtedly the name of the manufacturer. I looked again at the photograph. It had a glass cover over it, which I quickly discerned

had a hinge. Opening this with my knife, the photograph and two tiny circlets of light brown hair fell out. There were some words upon the back of the picture, only two of which were still legible: "*Rosalie—Arvid.*" When I showed it to Rosalie next morning, she was as much mystified as I. She had never seen it. But we let the matter drop with the belief that it must have been some Rosalie for whom Mrs. Thorn had named her daughter. I might easily have altered the name Arvid to my own, but it would have been sacrilege to do so.

There could be no doubt now that the beads of the rosary were being quickly counted. I had begun to put on steel armor against grief. Rosalie was suffering much. Her body had wasted greatly, yet there was little or no alteration in her face. The skin may have been a little more transparent. Her eyes were very bright, more than usually lustrous. The rose was still upon her cheek, and her mouth was like a piece of scarlet cord. Her expression was always cheerful and courageous. She was not able to be up at all, and could not now visit the wards as formerly. Once or twice she was wheeled there in a chair. The cords of the instrument were snapping one by one, and it would soon be silent. I felt as if my heart were being torn slowly from its place to be tossed down into the sepulchre.

One evening I was summoned hurriedly to her bedside. Ah! why was it that I should be destined to be there? I felt like Leonora, who, as Fidelio, is made to dig the grave of her husband in his living presence. But I grew very calm. If Fate willed it to be thus, I would have the courage to endure. She was unconscious with pain. There was no answer to a word. The two nurses could scarcely restrain their sobs, for they had loved her so much. I took something from my pocket.

"Here, nurse," I said, "give her this. I am very sure it will relieve her pain."

The remedy was given and soon had its effect. A look of quiet and peace spread over her face. Her breathing became tranquil, soft, more measured and more slow, her countenance a trifle paler. I turned to the nurses then and said, with a smile:

"I will go to my room and leave her with you now. She is sleeping quietly."

It was four o'clock. I did not know I had stayed so long. I threw wide open the window of my room and drank in the air now beginning to stir. The light was the gray light preceding dawn. The birds were wakening from their happy

dreams. There was something of accord, of what the Germans call *einklang*, in my soul. My heart, too, was wakening from a happy dream, not to pour forth a joyous melody, but rather to chant a sad, unhappy strain.

Still I was very calm. All that was required of me to do should be done with resignation. I sat down at my desk and wrote the death certificate of Rosalie Landon, and filed it away. I wrote a letter to the staff of the hospital asking leave of absence for a month. Then I threw myself upon my bed and mused upon the events of my life. It had not been uneventful; yet neither was it in any way singular or uncommon. I could sum it up in a few words:

I, Harvey Love, was born in Newfoundland. My parents dying when I was but five, I was sent to one of the most western of the states to become a member of the large family of an almost unknown uncle. The little property left me by my father was conscientiously used by his brother in my education. I studied medicine in an eastern city, and decided to remain there. Affection I had had, but love of parents or sisters or brothers never, so I had always felt myself isolated. Hence it was that when I loved all the best part of my nature poured forth like a flood when it found an object upon which to lavish its affections. But memory dwelled most upon the last three months, the most beautiful and sweetest of my life. How blessed it was to remember! I fell into a state between waking and sleeping—beholding visions of a gray cottage, the ocean, the garden, the library, and Rosalie; but soon the skies grew darker, the sea rose restlessly and wildly, a mist covered the shore wherein pale faces appeared and vanished again. I awoke, startled, and remembered that Rosalie lay dead in another chamber.

A knock had aroused me. It was ten o'clock. A nurse entered the room bringing me some coffee.

"The ambulance has just come in, bringing a man injured by the cars. They are taking him into the operating room."

I hurriedly drank the coffee and went to him at once. A tramp he was, with pallid, rough face, unkempt hair and beard, and ragged sailor dress. A leg and arm were crushed, and through the torn flesh his life was oozing away. They said he was walking on the track some ten miles from the city when the engine struck him. The train stopped and took him along, and a rude attempt at bandaging had been made. He had been conscious, but was not so when brought in. Under stimula-

tion, he revived, however, and, while the visiting surgeon was being sent for, I re-banded the limbs and asked him a few questions. He was moaning and saying a few indistinct words. I could catch:

"Too late—too late—where am I?—tell her."

"You are at the General Hospital."

He opened his eyes wildly.

"Here! and is she here? Bring her to me, I have something to tell her."

"Is who here? What is your name?"

"Landon—Robert—they told me she was sick and in the great city—poor little Rosalie!"

There could be no doubt of it. Here was the wretched man who had deserted her. How the threads of destiny are interwoven! I would not tell him of her death. I merely said:

"She is too ill to see you."

"Then tell her—tell her from me I have learned something that may make her a little happy still."

Then, in as few words as possible, feebly and half-gaspingly, he told me a story that made the blood surge to and from my heart like a sea.

"Her father, old Thorn, told me before he died she was not his daughter. He loved her so much he could not tell her. He lived at an obscure sea-shore village in Newfoundland. I forget the name. A small vessel was sunk in a terrific gale off their coast—it disappeared and was seen no more; a life-boat tossed upon the shore, contained a lady and two babes rolled in blankets and lashed fast with ropes, a boy of three, a girl of four, all alive, but the mother died in a few hours unconscious. A locket around the mother's neck had the pictures, first names and dates of birth inside. There was not the slightest clew further to their identity, except perhaps the name *Lindholm* on the locket. The children were adopted by different families, the little Rosalie by the Thorns. When I deserted her—may God forgive me for it!—I put out to sea and have been a wanderer the world over. After a time, full of remorse, it entered my mind to seek some traces of the family of Rosalie, for several reasons I thought of Sweden. One of our ports was Gottenburg. I went to the British consul, and with his help had no difficulty in unraveling the whole mystery. A wealthy sea-captain, Lindholm, with his wife, two children and several friends, twenty or more years ago, left that port in his yacht "Valkyrja" for a tour of the Levant. It was known that they stopped at London and Calais, but that was the last ever heard of the "Valkyrja." The captain's brother, the only remaining member of the family, became

in the course of several years heir and possessor of the estate of Lindholmen, together with valuable iron mines and lumber districts in the north of Sweden. For ten years he continued the search for some trace of the missing yacht, but without avail. I thought I would go first to Newfoundland, before I sent word to him of my discovery. I worked my way there, and then here, until—now—my mission is nearly completed."

Here a spasm of pain made him groan heavily and he fainted. The surgeon came in and looked at him a moment.

"Poor fellow! he will last but a little while longer," he said, and left him with me. I injected his arm with ether and brandy. It revived him.

"Tell me all," I said hoarsely, "I must know more."

He answered feebly, "The papers are all here in my pocket; take them to her, she is the heiress of Lindholmen, and her brother, I have not yet found him; he lives. I went to the Newfoundland village, the old parish priest told me of both children—Rosalie and Arvid."

"And Arvid? what of him, speak quick, rouse thyself!"

"The family—Love—Arvid, they called him Harvey. Tell her, tell her, I am dying. I want her to be happy yet, to forgive, to be happy yet."

Landon was dead.

And Rosalie, Rosalie, she who would never know or behold me again, *was my sister*.

Ah, my beloved, the sweet recompense for all this sorrow is that you knew me and had my love and loved me!

As I look from the window, far out between the weeping birches toward the Baltic that washes the granite boundary of my estate, the summer roses fill my room with your spirit; your low, soft voice I hear in the waves' dashings, and in the mists which come before my eyes, your eyes renew their sombre old brown glory.

"SO THEY ARE."

(*Den Vagelsindede paa Graahede. "The Fickle Girl of Grayheath."*)

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF M. A. GOLDSCHMIDT, BY A-A.

People to whom the idea of a heath calls forth the picture of a bleak and barren desert, will suppose this story to be about a fickle woman or man, who, at last in his anguish, ran out in the desert and called on the winds, the stars, and so forth, to

steady his mind, and to die in something like peace. But the heath is inhabited, if only approximately; farms and houses are scattered all around with fields and pastures between heather; and this story is about a person who made her home on one of the farms on the heath, Gratheheath, or, as the peasants prefer to call it, Grayheath. When we drive from the fertile Thorning, a large straggling village, on whose main street, opposite the store, is found even a two-story brick building, where the baker and watchmaker live; a little southwest and farther south on the road from Viborg to Veile, we are taken, in half an hour, almost without noticing it, out in the heath, but if we dismount and walk two hundred feet in eastern or western direction we strike the fields of "Graagaardene." One of these "gray farms" is situated on a broad hill, that slopes easily down to the place where the chapel of Svend Grathe once stood, and where a stony square still shows the size of the chapel. On this farm lived the peasant who, once offended by Svend, came forth and killed him with his natchet, when Svend was taken to king Valdemar as a prisoner. The murdered king was buried, it is said, in the place where the feeble vestige of the chapel still is found. The "Gaard"—built in a square, with the main building in yellow brick, a little apart from the red outhouses, is not very grand, but looks very solid. The present owner's name is Anders Almind, a peasant; but he bought it only a few years ago, and this story does not concern either him or the epoch from which he came. The man who owned the farm in the time we deal with was called Træskopeer, "Pattenpeter," because he always wore long boots whose lower parts were pattens when he was peddling wool as a poor boy. He prospered by his trade, and at last he got the daughter on the farm where he used to board, and the farm too. By and by, the nickname was dropped and he was called "John Gray," from the name of the farm; his real name was "Peer Jakobsen." He had several children, of whom the one next to the youngest, Karen, was fourteen years old at the beginning of the story. She seemed to be growing up a very pretty girl, and when in summer time learned people were calling, addressing themselves to the farmer to learn where the chapel was, she often was sent down there with them. Some one or other sometimes might say, "You are a pretty girl," and give her a quarter. She liked the present but did not notice the compliment, and was still more dull and indifferent to their interest in the place. She saw nothing but some useless stones there. As

now-a-days there did not happen anything unusual or of special interest to her on the heath, she could not fancy that anything of that kind ever had happened.

But once a gentleman came accompanied by several persons; they all called him "Professor," and seemed to think highly of him. He preached a kind of sermon to them, Karen thought, but, he being not their own pastor, she did not listen attentively, until suddenly his clear blue eyes met hers, and he went on looking into her eyes, as if he was speaking to her only. She was so scared that she wanted to hide behind the stones; but she could not help looking again, trying to understand what he said. Still it was all mixed up to her. When his sermon was finished he went over to her. Passing his hand caressingly over her head he said: "Can you now take us round to Bækgaard also, my good little girl?" Never before had she felt such a soft hand; she felt it all over, and he said "dear little girl" as if he knew her and really meant it. She could have gone through fire for him, not to say anything of showing him the way to Bækgaard, a few hundred yards beyond the road. The only thing that puzzled her was, that he himself could not find Bækgaard, though he knew all about it.

They crossed the road, the heath, and a hill that slopes down toward the river-bed, which just then was almost dry, then passed over it and stood opposite to Bækgaard, a very modest place. A little behind the house a long dike is running from northeast to southwest, and beyond this the natural hills are forming a curve. The farmer came out and the professor asked him about the name of that long dike.

"We call it Knapsdiget," answered the farmer.

"Do you never call it Koksnapdiget?" asked the professor.

"Not that I know of," answered the farmer.

The professor now explained to his company that some scholars had discovered that the dike here was called "Koksnapdiget," and they explained it as a corrupt pronunciation of "Kongslagsdiget," and build on this the hypothesis that the battle between King Svend and King Valdemar had chiefly been fought here. He now added a great deal that Karen did not understand at all; but she understood, to her great wonder, this much, that the tract had looked quite different years ago; there had been a forest here, another there; knights had rushed against each other, and in one place some peasants in gray homespun had been

taken for ironclad men; that Svend was a base tyrant who had been defeated, and that a great magnificent king in golden armor had carried the day.

When everything was told and the visitors were leaving, the professor once more passed his hand with that strange power over her head, and said: "Do you know, little Karen, that you live on the farm of that peasant who killed King Svend?"

No, she did not know that, but she knew it now, and she came home confounded by thoughts she could not master. This was the most wonderful, and the only wonderful, event in Karen's youth. She was just then preparing for confirmation, and the pastor certainly noticed that Karen at once grew more bright and quick, but it did not appear in such a striking way that he should pay great attention to it, still less so that he should make any investigations on that account.

To herself this little episode passed away as a dream. She was an able, quick girl; sometimes she seemed to be a little brighter and smarter than most of the other girls, but as for the rest, she was just like them. She did her work, milked, bound after the reapers, put up the crop into the loft when they ran short of boys' help, was consulted about the black or the red cow's being taken to the bull, took care of the cow that had calved, listened to boys' talk and boys' fun; in short, lived the rude life of a farmer's daughter, which fact they who read this story must keep in mind, not to be too much shocked at some occasions.

II.

Karen was twenty-two years old now, and had had no beau, neither had she any friends among the girls. Do not suppose that it is only town ladies that have lady friends; those superficial relations, with small confidences and reciprocal observance and jealousy, are found out of town too.

The only person Karen associated with was a good deal younger than herself, the village teacher's daughter, Mary, a sprightly, well-read girl, seventeen years old, who, not being able to form any connections for herself, as a makeshift took great interest in furthering other people's love affairs, and in seeing how they succeeded.

Mary wished to see Karen engaged, and spoke to her about it one day, when she had come up town on a visit; it was certainly time now. Karen thought so, too, and Mary ran over the list of young boys without Karen saying anything in favor of any of them. At last Mary said: "And

next comes the son of Jeppe Revl, Jens watchmaker." He was called so because he once worked for the watchmaker in Thorning; he was a peasant lad, son of a farmer, and was working now for his father. "Jens!" exclaimed Karen. "It is his father of whom they say that when he wooed Birthe, the cooper's daughter, Birthe came running in and called out: 'Why will you court me? I can take you in one hand and throw you over the roof.'"

"They say so," answered Mary; "but he got Birthe, all the same, and another wife, too, afterward."

"But was it not he who talked and laughed all the time when he brought his oldest son to the churchyard, and said to the sexton, Jens Stison, at the grave, 'Show me where you are going to put me. I would like to lie so that I might trip you up'?"

"Yes, they say so. He is a merry man, Jeppe Revl, but it is nice to have a glad father-in-law."

"Yes; not too glad, though. It is a funny gay family."

"Jens is quite grave, I know."

"Well, is that so? Maybe he is too grave, then. I would like to drive the horses myself."

"Beware," said Mary laughing, "you might fare as Mary Daniels."

"How so?"

"Have you not heard it? It was she, that manly woman, who was at the head of a dairy, and later rented farms on her own account, and did as well as any man. Then the rich widower, Søren Pratt, wanted her. They were so far gone that they started together to see the pastor about it, driving. But when they rode out of the yard, she did not like his way of driving, so she took the reins herself. "'All right, thanks,' said Søren Pratt, and jumped off. She never was married afterward."

"Still I should like to have my own way to a certain extent," said Karen.

"Well, you might take a look at Jens watchmaker, anyhow."

"Certainly, I may have that free of cost," said Karen.

A few days later Mary spoke to Jens, and told him he had better marry. As that kind of words seldom are spoken at random, and Jens furthermore had a good deal of respect for the teacher's daughter, he thought it over. He was a strong boy, twenty-five years old, a little over middle height, square-built, strong, with a powerful chin, blue eyes, yellow hair and very handsome white teeth, seldom seen though, for he rarely laughed,

and the shape of his mouth was so perfect that they did not show except then.

After a good deal of deliberation he said: "Who should it be?"

"There is Karen Graa, she would be the wife for you, Jens."

"May be, but she thinks lots of herself, they say."

"Yes, the prouder the boy that wins her."

"That's so," said Jens. Mary went on, "Next Sunday there will be music in Thorning forest; Jens Dyr has advertised it. Are you coming? I'll try to get Karen along; you might see her there."

"All right, I can do that," said Jens.

"And speak to her?"

"I may manage to do that, too."

Jens Dyr was the joiner and mechanic of Thorning, and furthermore leader, headman and arranger, or, as townspeople should say, manager, director and caterer of the public entertainments of the town. Though he was not thirty years as yet, and looked bright and smart, he really did not care for the pleasures of the young people, but so far as he could make money by them. He hired musicians, sold whisky, had fireworks at solemn occasions—all for money, of course. The music was advertised, as the rest of the hops in the forest, in Viborg daily.

Next Sunday Karen and Jens met and danced with each other. And Karen had, it seemed, looked so sweetly at him, and spoken so kindly to him, that Jens the following week addressed himself to the poet and teacher, Anders Aust, of Krage-lund, and ordered for Karen a poem in which he told her that though he had come to her home, a stranger, only to have a good time for an hour, "grave, deep and sweet love thoughts" had come to him; they puzzled his heart and his mind, and wherever he turned in his anguish, that craving for her would overtake his soul. As yet she had not answered him; and, though her eyes had smiled sweetly upon him when she reposed next to his heart, he was not able to read her thoughts. "But did you thus rob me of my peace only to give me pain? No, my girl, that is not so, I trust."

At the bottom of this caligraphic masterpiece of Anders Aust, Jens had added in his own handwriting: "And this is my true opinion."

A few days later Jens told his father that he would like to build a house for himself.

"You will, my boy?" said Jeppe; "all right, here is plenty. I have grounds as a king—we will go out into the field and you may take your own choice."

They went out into the fields westward, far off beyond the hills. Near the dike were the fields of Jeppe—but it was heather, every bit of it. Jens picked out a tract, and he soon agreed with his father about the conditions.

"Well, now we will go and have a drink on the bargain," said Jeppe Revl, "and while you are working on it we will apply for a permit to divide the land."

"It will cost about \$14; you will have to pay that, and when you spend the money that you got from your mother on manure and marl, it will be a beautiful place. There is plenty of stone to build with."

Two weeks later Karen called on Mary and showed her the poem. Mary was too knowing in literature to take offense at the first stanza; she understood that it was what we townspeople call a "licentia poetica." But she stopped short at the line:

"So you reposed next to his heart?"

"Of course not," answered Karen.

"I see, he means when you were dancing."

"Maybe; not unless he wears his heart to the right under the waistcoat, though—nobody shall say such a thing of me."

The smart little Mary tried to calm her down. "Everybody knows that what is written in verse is fictitious; the only thing that is true is what he himself has written at the bottom of the page—that it is his true opinion; and everybody says that Jens is the best and proudest boy of the parish."

"Maybe that is not so very far from truth," said Karen. They went over it many times, but always came back to the starting-point. Mary could not get at Karen's true opinion. After dinner they took the matter up again to the same effect, and it seemed to Mary that the chief objection was the family, and especially that Jeppe Revl was so odd.

At last Mary said: "Karen, this will not do; you do not know whether you will or not on account of the family. How do you like my plan, that we go down right away and have a look at Jeppe Revl? then you can judge for yourself."

"That won't do at all," said Karen. "I cannot take the answer to Jens' letter over there myself."

"Neither shall you: first, Jens is not at home now; secondly, they all take their naps just now. We can go in there, see Jeppe Revl and may have a talk with him without the women folk getting a finger in that pie."

"But what will Jeppe Revl think about my coming over there in that way?"

"Oh! I do not suppose he thinks so very much, that man; and it is not you at all who are coming; it is I, and you go along. Here is a large letter that Sören, postman, the blockhead, has delivered here by mistake—though it is for Jeppe Revl. I am going to take it to him; if you do not like him we will go home, it will make no difference, and there will be nothing said about it. It is a true word, though, that you do not marry your father-in-law."

"That plan is not so bad, after all," said Karen.

The farm of Jeppe Revl was considered part of the town, as well as the other moor-farms, and formed in a certain way the village limits. Standing next to it, facing east, people would see the fertile fields north of the parsonage, the pretty forests, groups and thickets that seemed to surround the church on the height, and the green hills that rose still higher, opposite to it in southern direction; facing west, the brown heather was seen right below the fields, first flat, and then as a hill-wave that shut out the horizon.

The farm looked very odd; plainly it was not old, but in several places the roof came down and the walls were bulging, as they are apt to in old dilapidated buildings. Here and there the bricks had swelled and large pieces of the mortar had come off. There was a rather low gate in the middle of the eastern outhouse; its ceiling was not made of board, but from the large boughs generally used for fire-wood; crooked and knotty they were, some slightly fashioned, others still with the bark on. Karen observed this with a knowing glance, but she said nothing—she was not going to have the farm anyhow. In the large square yard there was a sleepy silence; if there was a dog, he was sleeping too, in this warm weather. Some chickens scratched quietly the manure heap in the middle of the yard. The two girls turned to the left and came to an open hall. Mary raised the latch softly and opened the door noiselessly. But there sat some one there wide awake near the double stove, and there was a fire in it. It was a boy eighteen or nineteen years old with a yellow complexion, red cheeks and brown eyes. If he had not turned his eyes you might have taken him for a wooden or a waxen image, so quiet and stiff did he sit there, with a hand on each knee, but those beautiful eyes threw a queer, searching glance at the visitors that almost frightened Karen.

"Good day, Christoffer," said Mary, in a low voice, and turning to Karen she whispered, "It is Jeppe's youngest son, Christoffer; he is consumptive."

"Can he never get well?" asked Karen.

"How are you, Christoffer?" said Mary to the boy.

"Pretty well," answered the boy, in a queer, resigned tone, as if ready to die. It was almost uncanny, still solemn, to see that young, handsome boy sitting there so quietly awaiting death.

"Here is a letter for your father," said Mary, putting it down and turning to go away.

"He is over there," said Christoffer, and pointed at the opposite corner of the room at an old stocking frame; behind this was an addition which the two girls could not see. At the wall near the addition stood an old bureau, a yellow flute and a violin whose strings had snapped were suspended on the wall over it.

"Who is it?" asked a voice from the corner.

"The teacher's Mary is here with a letter for you, father," said Christoffer, slowly.

"Coming," was heard, and a moment afterward, the little Jeppe Revl, with his small, sharp, almost sharp-cut features, and his thick, bushy gray hair, came forth from the opening near the stocking frame.

His gray eyes brightened when he saw the visitors. "Good day, Mary. Who is the good little friend that is with you?"

"She came along to bring you this letter."

"Dear me, yes, it is a large letter," said Jeppe, receiving it without opening it; "has she come from afar? it is your sister-in-law, maybe?"

"No, it is a good friend of mine from Grayheath."

"Is that so? it is the daughter of Jacob Gray, I suppose?"

Karen could not deny that.

"Yes, I know your father, and your farm, too; I have been there often while I still lived in Revl. It was a good time, though, and a happy time, too; now I am an old horse, not good for anything but to be shot."

"You must not say so, Jeppe," said Mary; "you are vigorous and brisk for your age."

"Yes, I am good humored, that's what I am; if this was not so I should never have stood what I have had to bear. Two wives and a son have I borne to the grave. Christen is hard upon me, he has got an opinion of his own. Jens wants to better himself; that's all right—he cannot have the farm. That's my only friend left now."

With these words Jeppe indicated his dying son; the corners of his mouth drooped, and two large tears ran down his cheeks.

This was the facetious man people had told Karen of. He wept.

She said: "It may be better with him yet, God may help him."

"Yes, it would be real good work if he would help a little just now," said Jeppe Revl. But won't you have a drink of milk or coffee?"

"No, thanks, we must go," said Karen, and hurried on. They said good-by to Christoffer and Jeppe followed them.

"Look here," said he; I have built all this with my own hands; I myself moved my house out here, put in every stone and every single piece of lumber. It did not cost me more than forty dollars. Yes, I certainly was a smart man in my time. But now you must see my oats." The path ran through a very long potato patch; it was narrow. Jeppe was ahead, then came Mary, and at last Karen. Mary was too young to be a real "matchmaker," though she was earnest enough about it; she could not help being saucy, and she wanted to lead Jeppe on to speak of his first wooing.

She said: "Was not your first wife a daughter of Sørencooper?"

"So she was," answered Jeppe.

"People say you had pretty hard time getting her?"

"I could have had any girl I wanted then, and Birthe was not harder to get than any of them. But I remember it all; yes, we had a very good time. Birthe was, sure enough, a large, pretty girl—pleasant times then. I played at the dance, and once upon the time my sister Stina was there, too, and she and Birthe went together. In the early morning Stina said that they would go home, and they were passing my house. We can milk your cow for you, said Birthe. And when I came home at ten o'clock in the forenoon, there stood an omelet on the stove. That was the beginning of it between Birthe and me."

"And then you asked her to marry you?"

"Yes, and her father said: 'Ain't you proud, you little David, you can hardly peep over the heather.' For Birthe had \$400, I'll tell you, but he had to give in at last, and I got her; and was not I a happy man then?"

Karen wondered how different the courting seemed as told by Jeppe himself, from the rumors that had reached her.

"Yes, I know your farm well," said Jeppe, turning to look at Karen and going on again:

"In olden times I was often there. It is a celebrated farm; but Revl, where I am from, is also renowned. There lived Lady Mette, whom they were wooing, both of them, the squire from Palstrup and he from Aunsbjerg. Then Lady Mette took counsel with the Thorning pastor whom to prefer." "I think," the pastor said, "you had better choose me," and Lady Mette thought so, too. But a little later the pastor quarreled with him from Palstrup.

"Here goes my frock," says he. Then they had swords, and the pastor ran the sword through the squire. Then the pastor had to leave the country, and became a captain in Germany, and Lady Mette followed him south, and it is said they married.

The literary Mary remarked: "Yes, he was married, but to Mette's daughter, so Blicher says."

"I don't care who says so, that's a lie anyhow," said Jeppe; "but is not this a fine crop of oats?"

The oats were duly admired, and when Jeppe was going to take them back he thought they might just as well take a short cut to the north. They went up the hill, and when they reached the top they saw, at some distance on the top of another, a man, who in that wide, flat tract, with nothing but the heavens as a background, looked like a giant; and it seemed as if he did the work of one, too, for the strokes of his hoe fell heavy and quick.

"Who is it?" asked Karen.

"That is my son Jens," said Jeppe, and went over toward him.

Karen turned round to escape, but then Jeppe called out to his son: "Good-day, Jens, see what visitors I have got."

It flashed upon Karen, maybe, that if she ran now and Jens ran after her, she would be laughed at, and "had not she come to be caught?" people would say. She did not know what to do, and followed the impulse the two others gave her. Jens had put down the hatchet and rested on it until they came over to him. He saluted the two girls in the same mild, grave fashion. Jeppe, who still carried the unopened letter in his hand, said:

"This letter is the permit, I think. Mary and her friend Karen Graa there brought it. Now you know you are sure of your house and can move as soon as it is ready. There it is," he went on to Karen and Mary; "yes—well—one part is there, the other lies here."

This remark was explained through the appearance of the field. A stony ledge, in some places two thousand feet wide, runs from Ferndrup

south, passing Skræ, out into the heath. The peasants will tell you that it extends toward the west, under the ocean, so far as to Scotland, but learned men suppose it once to have been an old sea-shore, the western coast of the country. This ledge, in which are found stones of all dimensions, so large as a bureau and as small as pigeons' eggs, crossed part of the fields Jens, watchmaker, had bought of his father. He dug out the larger stones and used them as foundation for his house; others he broke to build the walls of the house with. The outline of the house was finished; it was almost two feet high now, and seemed to be solid and comfortable.

Jens followed them over there, and showed them how the house was to be divided up and arranged.

"Do you do everything yourself, Jens?" asked Mary.

"Like father, like son!" cried Jeppe Revl.

"No wind shall reach anybody here," said Jens.

"Are the people from Graagaard coming to the fair at Sjørup?" he asked Karen.

"Maybe," she answered.

"Will you dance with me, Karen?"

"Yes, if nothing should happen."

"I don't think there will. What should that be?"

"I don't know, either," said Karen.

"Then I think I am going to the Sjørup fair, too," said Jeppe, with a knowing glance from his gray eyes.

III.

Sjørup, where the fair is held, is near the northern point of the great plantation. This plantation consists of three parts: the Haurdal, the Hendal, and the Ulvedal plantation, and stretches from north to south near the east side of the heath where this strikes the loam.

West from the plantation are the heath colonies. It was only a fair with dry goods and notions, and by far not so lively as the mixed fairs or the cattle fairs. People were promenading up and down very sedately and tediously, almost as the burghers on a Sunday at Klampenborg, observing each others' finery. And the disappointment and heartache is not stronger in the Champs Elysee, or in Bois de Boulogne, or at the flower part at the botanical gardens in London, than here, when, for instance, a woman from Aaestrup saw a woman from Thorning. For the Aaestrup women spend much on their finery; their fields are all marled.

Women from Vrouw had come up too, dressed plainly in black, but very fine cloth, imported cloth, not homespun. This black elegance is their distinctive mark, as well as their rich neckerchiefs; they are very proud of it. When people had passed each other, whispered remarks would be exchanged. The remarks were not like those heard on such occasions in the Bois de Boulogne; for every wife wore her husband's gifts—the question was, how long can he afford it? The wife of a joiner and cottager from Ilkum created great excitement, she being dressed in the latest Thorning style, and even a little higher. They knew her husband had run in debt; she had brought him from his father's farm, and though he worked as a horse they supposed he should have to leave the cottage too. Still she had one happy day now. All envied her; this means, of course, those who had the eyes to see it. I saw her, and must confess I did not notice anything extraordinary.

Four roads meet in Sjørup, or west of the town. And from this guiding point the fair was arranged southward down to the plantation. Between the firs there was a small open place where the forester had permitted Jens Dyr to arrange the dance on this solemn occasion; and the guests who came from the east side heard, beyond the hum of the market, a feeble, but guiding sound.

The people from Graagaard followed it, as well as Jeppe Revl and his family; so the two families could not help meeting. The collision took place as when two opposite armies meet on the march. The vanguard met and took position in front of each other, then the rest appeared, formed first a knot, then ran into a straight line on both sides.

"Good day, Jacob Gray." "Good day, Jeppe Revl, you have come to the fair to-day, have ye;" and so forth. On the one side the line was formed by Jeppe, his son Jens, watchmaker, his two daughters, and a cousin; on the other by Jacob Graa, his three sons, Karen and Mary. They stood there speaking with great formality on things they did not care a fig about. Karen and Mary were in fact left over; they fell a little behind the line. Jens did not advance one step, nor did he look up; Karen thought maybe he felt too safe because she had been over to see him; thus it happened, perhaps not without an intention of Karen's that she and Mary were drifting away from the others, pushed on by a passing crowd.

They were not twenty feet from the main group when they passed a boy who stood all alone, looking around.

It was a handsome boy with a very regular pro-

file and blue eyes; his head sat a little askew over his left shoulder, but it did not look bad. Karen threw a searching glance at him; he caught it, and looked into her eyes. "Good day," Karen Graa," said he. "Good day, Christen Reus—is not that your name?"

"Certainly, that's my name; thank you Karen. It is kind in you to remember it. You were not more than sixteen years old when you were over at Haurdal; I have been far away since that time."

"Yes, you are a German."

The word German did not in the least indicate a foreign or hostile nationality; it only meant that Christian Reus was a descendent of the German immigrants, what his own name, as well as that of the town, proved. Haurdal is one of the largest moor colonies. Christian answered in friendly way:

"Yes, I am a German."

Mary pulled Karen's skirt and said:

"Let us not stand here and speak to him; he has had so many sweethearts."

"Has he?" said Karen.

"Is it true, Christen, what people say of you, that you have had so very many sweethearts?"

"That's not a lie. I have had so many that they might cover an acre."

He said this in a pleasant, bright way, without least vestige of bragging—as a simple historical fact.

"What was it, now, between you and a girl called Maren?"

"Karen!" said Mary, and pulled her skirt, but without effect.

"It is a long story, pretty hard to tell," answered Christen.

"Other people would not tell it half so well as you yourself, I think."

"No, to be sure. That's so," answered Christen, laughing.

"Did you fool her, or she you?"

"I can hardly tell you who was fooled the most," answered Christen saucily. "You may judge for yourself, if you want to; but hadn't we better sit down?"

They went a little farther over to the other side and sat down on a fir tree that was lying there.

"Where was the home of Maren?" asked Karen.

"She came from the East, and was a farmer's daughter. She worked on Ulvegaard with me; that is to say, it was I who recommended her, for I always thought a good deal of Maren. But it was not till an evening when master celebrated the wedding of one of the girls that we became real

friends, and I was Maren's first love. Well, some time passed, and I told my thoughts, but she said she did not think so. She was going to work for a farmer a few miles away, and she went there when her time was up. But a few months later she thought so herself, too, and wrote to me about it, but that could not be helped. In March she returned to her father's farm, and the sixteenth of April the child was born, the very hour I was taking my girl home from a dancing party. I did not know that then, but afterward I got a letter, and when she found I would not write——"

"Why wouldn't you write?" asked Karen.

"What should I write? She wrote again and said that if I would send her five dollars she would not ask me for anything more. I sent them, but still some time later she wrote and told me to come and visit her, and see her father's farm; we might get that. But as I did not come, it happened one day, when I stood in the yard near the kitchen, and had a chat with the girls, that we saw one come along the road, turn at the meadow, and come up to the farm. 'That's Maren,' said the girls. They knew her from her way of carrying herself. She always was a proud girl, that thought lots of herself. I went out into the shed and Maren came. The girls welcomed her, and asked her to come in, and then called me: 'Christen, here is Maren.' I had got to come. When I was in Viborg the last time the grocer had given me a bottle of whisky, and I confess I had a good pull, for well I knew it would be hard work now. I went in and said: 'Welcome, Maren.' 'Yes, welcome or not, I have come,' said Maren.

Then we had a talk—not much, though. I did not think it worth while that the other girls should hear everything, so we went into my room. Then Maren said:

"You ought to come and see the child; they all say it is just like you."

"That's a lie," said I; "how can they say so; they do not know me."

"They do," said Maren, "they have seen your picture."

For I had had my photograph taken and had given it to Maren in a real pretty frame; and Maren has that picture still.

"But why did you give her the lie?" said Karen. "Was it not the same to you if the women folks up there had seen your picture or not?"

"No, that was not it at all, Karen Graa; for I'll tell you. I did not know what moment I should feel myself entrapped, so I would not say yes, nor promise anything."

"But why not, Christen?"

"I'll tell you one thing, Karen Graa; when once I give my word, it is for good; it was a given thing, I could promise nothing as long as I had not served as soldier. Then she asked me if I would come over and see the farm if I was not drafted, and I promised that."

"Did you keep that promise?" asked Karen.

"Well, listen: she wrote a letter and I wrote an answer; then the match was broken off. She howled and cried, I was told, and then she said that she would never marry. Her friends advised her to go to court with me, and have me pay quite a large sum of money, or at least fourteen dollars a year, but she would not do that. She had always been quite a seamstress, and now she learned to weave to support herself and the baby, for she concluded I was going to be drafted, or that I should not come, anyhow. Now there was a farmer east, he had seven children, and had given them a thousand dollars apiece. One of them ran the farm, but the father thought him lazy, and did not like his wife; so he wanted a girl to keep house for him. By mere chance he happened to drop in at Jens Gjørup's, Mary's father's, and when he saw Maren he asked if it was she who wanted a place. No, it was not. If she would like to work for him. No, she did not want to do that, either. She wanted to learn to weave. Then, two days later, the farmer came and asked Maren to be his wife; but she refused. Three days after, he came up in his best carriage, with his finest horses, and took her father over to see his farm, and Maren, too, and he promised her that she should live as in Abraham's bosom; and it has all come true, for the old man is playing with the child all day long, and cannot spare him."

"Well, then, Maren is all right now," said Karen.

"Yes, she wrote a letter to the girls and told them that they had four horses, plenty of young cattle, sheep and swine. And there was a postscript, not intended for me; it was about how she prayed God preserve me, in weal and in woe, and never let me suffer what she had suffered for my sake; and asked God to help her to do her duty to her husband."

Karen said: "All's well that ends well."

"Yes," said Christen; "now it is all right, and I intend to go east and work there next fall."

"But you will not go and see Maren?"

"Why should I not?"

"No, Christen, you must not do that. I wish I could hinder you—I would do anything."

"All right, I'll stay if you will be my girl, Karen."

"It might be worse."

"But, Karen!" said Mary.

"Is it not the same to you, who it is, when it is?" said Karen.

"Let us dance, then," said Christen.

Mary was left alone, sitting on the fir-trunk, perplexed and puzzled, and did not know, as she told later, "whether to laugh or to cry."

At some distance she saw the two families waiting for the moment when they could start with Jens and Karen. And, meanwhile, Karen was dancing with a brand-new, unexpected lover. This was a very unusual thing. The fact that lovers broke off a match and had a new sweetheart was certainly familiar to Mary, but she never supposed it could be done in this way and in that form, and, least of all, by Karen.

She stayed on, and waited till Karen had left the dance. Several other couples followed them, and Karen was as if beside herself. She wanted the poem Jens had sent her sung out loud to them all. She gave it to Christen, but Mary snatched it and said:

"If you do, there will be a terrible fight here."

Now the other people looked round, perceived the two families still standing together, and, as rumor probably had been busy with Karen and Jens, they soon understood the whole affair. The crowd dispersed, the girls tittered, and Karen danced again. Mary went over to the family group. Nobody asked any questions. They had seen Karen dance twice with the same boy, but of how great importance this might be, or what passions it had stirred up, they did not show. During this long conversation not a single word or glance having betrayed this to be more than a casual meeting, they could now quietly take leave and be as friendly as before.

Jacob Graa and his sons approached the place where the dance was going on, and Karen soon joined them with Christen Reus. She said to her father: "This is Christen Reus," and with these words Christen seemed to be introduced as bridegroom. He was kindly received by the father and brothers; Jacob Graa said, "It seems to me you were not the same a little while ago." This was the only intimation of wonder or displeasure.

When property is out of the question, the individuality is allowed great margin. Karen had no claims on the farm, and the farm had no claims on her. She was able to gain her own living

through working for others and had just as much personal liberty as any girl on the farm. The paternal authority was there, but it was never put forth except on solemn occasions, far less from indolence or from respect for the independent personality, than from the dread every peasant has to transgress his rights, be it ever so little.

In the evening Christen rode home with them and sat at Karen's side. At Skrä Mary left to go home east, and after a moment's hesitation Jens jumped off to go west to Ulvedal, where he was working.

How Jens the watchmaker got home that day or night nobody knew, not even Jeppe Revl, but the next morning found him at his work as usual.

[To be concluded.]

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF HOLBERG.

To the Editor of *Scandinavia*:

SIR—In all the various books, and essays, and speeches on Holberg I have read during the last six months, there is something which I have looked for in vain: a clear, simple, precise definition of the true merit of the man—a sum total of all the valuable and often very interesting explanations of details, a short mark to go with the name forever indicating the still vital result of the wonderful activity covered by that name. Everywhere Holberg is called the "Father of Danish Literature," and I have not the least doubt that the appellation is legitimate. But what does it mean? He was not the first who wrote anything of real literary merit in the Danish language. On the contrary, the "Danish Folk Songs," collected a century before he wrote, form a literary treasure of much higher practical value, of far deeper historical significance, and of infinitely greater linguistic interest. Nor was it he who started the Danish literature on that course which it is still pursuing. He formed no school. The few institutions which his comedies called forth all miscarried. Between his "Moral Meditations," a masterpiece, and Mynster's *Betragtninger*, another masterpiece, there is no connection whatever. His historical writings were antiquated in the very next generation. Yea, it cannot be said, with any show of truth, that his ideas exercised any influence on Danish civilization by imparting to it a certain character or certain tendencies. His rationalism is separated from the rationalism which broke forth in the last two decades of the eighteenth century by an unbridged abyss of sentimentality. But what then does it mean, when he is called the "Father of Danish literature?"

Well, let us begin with another question. When Holberg, as a young student, undertook to travel abroad and see the world, he was worth about ten dollars—including property, credit, good-will, opportunities, expectations, everything, down to the veriest items. He traveled consequently not as a lord in a coach-and-four, but as a tramp, on foot; and, earning a chance meal by singing before people's doors, he suffered unspeakably. The same man, when he died, was a millionaire, one of the wealthiest citizens of the community, and he founded one of the most magnificent edu-

cational institutions in the country, an institution which he intended and equipped to be, if not a rival, at all events a counterpoise to the university of Copenhagen. But where did he get all that money from? He never married; he interested nobody; the office he held scarcely gave him bread and butter; he never "struck oil" or made a "big find." The money evidently came trickling down into his pocket slowly though steadily. But from where? Perhaps you think such a question to be a little too American in the midst of a grave literary exposition. I don't, and I beg you to keep patient for a few minutes.

The question has puzzled others besides me. Holberg's cotemporaries suspected him of miserliness. But although miserliness may serve very well in the process of accumulation, it can produce nothing, and it is just the productive source of Holberg's wealth I want to find. Later writers have hinted at the prudence and sagacity of his investments. But, again, although a smart investment is a really productive force, it can create nothing. I must have something to invest before my sagacity in investing is of any avail. However great was the part which close economy, prudent investments, etc., played in the formation of Holberg's wealth, the true source from which it first sprang and from which it afterward continued to flow uninterruptedly, was—his pen. I know, it sounds almost absurd to say of a man, that he became rich by writing books for a people hardly containing more than two million individuals at a time when, even in the greatest countries—in Germany, France and England—the general, almost universal method of the book trade consisted in procuring a scanty pay to the writer by an humiliating dedication to some rich and influential man, and a doubtful security to the publisher by a begging subscription list passed around among friends and chance acquaintances. Nevertheless, it is true, and this fact, so sorely neglected by Danish and Norwegian *litterateurs*, ought to be made the subject of the closest inquiry, for it is that which really made Holberg the "Father of Danish Literature."

A century ago Holberg did for the Danish middle class the same as the daily newspaper is now doing for the great mass of the American people—he wrote exactly what people of that class could and would read, and by so doing he made reading a necessary element of their life. It is, of course, somewhat ambiguous to praise an author for writing what people like to read, as the expression may be made to cover even a mean catering to corrupt instincts. Yet, when speaking of literature in general, or of great literary phenomena, all ambiguity vanished. When you have to lead a man from one point to another it is generally useless, and consequently stupid, to place yourself at the goal and beckon him toward you with solemn gesticulation. The only thing practical, and therefore generally indispensable, is to meet him at the point where he stands and take him by the hand. Holberg did so, and thereby he earned the absolutely unqualified praise of having made the Danes a reading people—of having established the most powerful lever of modern civilization in their life. In America it is well understood what it means that a people reads, that every individual of the mass is able and willing to receive an argument or a view from a book, and to put himself in communication with the various currents of civilization through the literature. In Denmark and Norway the position reached is not so far advanced. The old idea that it is proper only for

the priest and the scholar to read has been crushed out, but there are still many people in both countries who consider "too much reading" as very dangerous to peasants and mechanics, and Holberg's eminent merit of founding a literature by educating a people to use it and ask for it, seems to have been very likely overlooked.

Yours truly,

DR. TILLBURY.

H. V. KAALUND.

Only those who were young people in 1858 can realize the success of Kaalund's book "Spring," Et Foraar. It was received with a delight as that with which one unexpectedly finds a late flower. The public felt him to be one of them. He expressed their aspirations, their hopes, their reminiscences in a beautiful language; no riddles, nor problems, nor social questions here. His love for our scenery, his interest in animal life, his veneration for our historical traditions, for the king, be he Frederick VI. or Frederick VII., were expressed in a true, natural way. His style was so terse, concise and picturesque that some of these poems make an indelible impression. Twenty years old, he worked under Freund as a sculptor in the classes of the "Academy of Art," but soon found the chisel not to be his tool, and laid it by for the brush and palette. A poem he wrote in 1838 to Thorvaldsen on his return to Denmark, inspired by his love and admiration for our great sculptor, first opened his eyes to his true vocation. Oehlensläger was then his pattern, and his first poem, "Halfdan the Strong," only shows this too plainly. Lundby's exquisite sketches from animal life, simple and true, often with a point to them, delightful improvisations, called forth by the artist's interest and love for his friends' children, published in 1844, with text of Kaalund, brought him his first popularity. If the language in some of them is a little crude, they only please the boys the more. "The Two Dogs," "The Deserted Dog," "The Well," or those most popular lines describing the pig's contest with the crow for a delicate eelskin, are some of them. Denmark had a Speckter of its own. "My Kaalund" has now for forty years been a favorite book with Scandinavian children.

Private teacher, telegraph-man, it was not till 1860 that he had the official position as teacher for the prisoners at the State Penitentiary of Vridsløselille, near Copenhagen; he took up this work with great interest and zeal, and was a faithful support to them for seventeen years. His last volume of lyric poems, "Indian Summer," was published while there in 1877. In this interval of nineteen years he gave us several beautiful poems at divers occasions, and the drama "Fulvia," which, though a pet child of his, proves him to be the lyric poet and nothing else. It passed over the Danish scene, but only had a "success d'estime." He was the last poet of the romantic school in Denmark, or rather a transitional poet, for in the interval between "Spring" and "Indian Summer" (Eftervaar), a new school, had sprung forth, which questions and interviews everything, and which, in its efforts to show men things as they really are, often falls into the opposite extreme of making them worse. Some of the moods of Kaalund are in sympathy with this school. They like to quote his poem where he calls himself "a pious heathen," on account of his love for this so very beautiful world. Still, in his chevaleresque encounter with Schandorff in *III, Tidende*, a Danish illustrated weekly,

he himself gives us his confession of faith in an open, true way, in spite of his interest in the modern school. He died the 27th of April, sixty-seven years old. A—a.

NOTES AND NEWS.

INDUSTRIAL instruction is at present given in 600 Swedish common schools.

A CONVENTION of Scandinavian clergymen will take place at Gottenburg in the beginning of September.

A NEW department of state for agriculture, commerce and manufactures is going to be established in Sweden.

HERMAN BANG, the young radical Danish author, has, after his lecturing tour in Norway and Sweden, lately had equal success in Finland.

IN Norway a royal committee is preparing a general plan for extension of the several kinds of means of communication over the whole country.

MR. HÖRUP, one of the leaders of the Left, comes out as an eloquent spokesman against the militarism of the upper class. In these ideas he is a true representative of the great majority of the Danish peasant farmers.

W. THOMAS, the late Minister of the United States at Stockholm, is universally praised by the press, and said to be equally popular at court and with the people, whose language he understands and with whom he has associated on his hunting trips round in the country.

DAAE, the Minister of War in Norway, has resigned, as could be expected, according to the votes of the Storting in the matters concerning his department. Johan Sverdrup, the Premier, has taken the department of war. It is expected that Mr. Steen, President of the Storting, will enter the cabinet.

THERE lately died in Denmark the excellent physiologist, Professor at the University and President of the late International Congress of Physicians, P. L. Panum, and the young radical novelist, P. L. Jacobsen; in Norway, Ole Kallem, a great popular lay preacher and abstinence orator; in Sweden, Prof. F. A. Wilander, the inventor, and Eugene van Brien, a well-known official in the department of foreign affairs.

As entrance to the Baltic during war is at present the great Belt between Funen and Sealand, it is regarded more important than the Sound between Sealand and Sweden. The largest ships cannot now pass the Sound. Of the neighboring maritime powers Germany would now be more valuable at present than Denmark. The former Danish port of Kiel is now one of the main stations of the new German navy.

THE political contest in Denmark continues to grow more and more bitter. At one of the commons outside of Copenhagen between 50,000 and 60,000 persons met at a meeting to protest against the provisional bill of appropriation. Although convoked by men of half-socialist color, the moderation of the leaders prevailed, and no disturbance occurred. Similar meetings have been held throughout the country. Voluntary rifle associations aimed against the government have been forbidden according to a provisional law, which also regulates the importation of rifles. Teachers are dismissed when they take part in these associations. The whole has an aspect quite strange for peaceable Denmark; and the worst is that the end cannot be seen.